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Traveling By Night.

I ride into a land of gloom,
Nor moon nor stars my way illume,
The cold winds whistle past me.
This road I've traveled oft, I ween,
When laugh'd the sunlight's golden sheen,
And breezes bland caress'd me.

On by the garden dark I fare,
The wither'd trees are rustling there,
The faded leaves fall slowly.
Here oft I strayed, when roses bloomed,
And love's sweet light all things illum'd,
With her I loved so wholly.

The sun has failed from the sky,
The roses pale and withered lie,
My love in death is sleeping.
Into a land of gloom I go,
Where light is none, and cold winds blow,
My cloak around me keeping.

Tired.

O for wings, that I might soar,
A little way above the floor—
A little way beyond the roar—

A little nearer to the sky!
To the blue hills, lifted high,
Out of all our misery.

Where alone is heard the lark,
Warbling in the infinite arc,
From the dawning to the dark.

Where the callow eaglets wink
On the bare and breezy brink,
And slow pinions rise and sink,

Where the dim white breakers beat
Under cloud-drifts at our feet,
Singing, singing, low and sweet.

Where we see the glimmering bay
Grayly melting far away,
On the confines of the day.

Where the green larch-fringes sweep
Rocky defiles, still and steep,
Where the tender lichens creep.

Where the gentian-blossoms blow,
Set in crystal stars of snow;
Where the downward torrents flow

To the plains and yellow leas,
Glancing, twinkling, through the trees,
Pure, as from celestial seas.

Where the face of heaven has smiled,
Aye on freedom, sweet and wild,
Aye, on beauty undefiled.

Where no sound of human speech,
And no human passions reach;
Where the angels sit and teach.

Where no troublous foot has trod;
Where is impressed on the sod
Only Hand and Heart of God!

THE FATE OF THE SPY.

A ominous silence reigned over Sebastopol. Not a gun or a screetching shell disturbed the painful silence, which, to imaginative minds, produced a feeling of uneasiness and awe. I, only a captain, was on outpost duty, with a revolver in hand, ready for any emergency. Cautioning my men to report the most trivial stir that might catch their ears, I ordered them to lie down under cover of some thorny shrubs.

After some time I was in the act of rising from my concealed position, when a muffled footstep caught my ear. I knew not why, but the blood rushed impetuously through my veins. Glancing over my shoulder, the figure of a man rose mysteriously before me. He was muffled to the chin; over his shoulder was a white something, which, in my hurried glance, I took to be the skin of some animal. Evidently whoever this personage was he had not discovered me. His steps were bent toward Sebastopol.

"Lord above!" I mentally gasped, "what if this wretch should be one of those systematic spies, which are to be found in all armies."

My forefinger instinctively sought the trigger of my revolver. One course I was determined upon, at all hazards, this mysterious figure should not escape me. On it came gliding, so to say, more like the movement of a serpent than a man. Snowing as it was, and with the shadows of night falling fast and thick, there was something which struck me that I had seen this ghost-like personage before. But where? That was a question that at that moment was most difficult to solve. Gradually I rose from behind a thorny shrub, and confronted the intruder with my revolver.

"Who comes there?" said I, energetically.

A perceptible stare warned me that at last I confronted a spy.

"Move a hair's breadth," said I, "and you are a dead man."

There was a sudden gleam of dull moonlight, and I in my turn started. The face, though partially concealed, was familiar.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "Brown of ours."

Ere I could rightly recover, the figure glided past me. I fired, and called loudly upon the outposts to shoot him down.

Crack! crack! went the rifles.

"Escaped us," I muttered, grinding my teeth.

"And gone right into Sebastopol," growled the sergeant.

"Listen," said I. For a Russian sentinel that moment demanded a field cry or password. In vain we stretched our ears to catch a reply; naught but the icy wind mocked us. I returned to my hiding place full of thoughts, full of suspicions.

"Could it be possible," I asked myself, "that the figure was Lieutenant Brown?" They were certainly the bushy whiskers, the full diabolical face and the thick figure. Lieutenant Brown, as I knew well, was no favorite in ours. He went by the cognomen of "foreigner," yet he distinctly avowed that he was English to the backbone.

I remembered then that Lieutenant Brown was clever at sketching. I also had seen him take notes, which I playfully alluded to at the time, and in response he informed me—at a dear relatives' request—he kept a diary. It was certainly strange. A multiplicity of little occurrences rose up before me respecting our foreigner. His absorbing interest respecting any intended attack. His studious silence before others respecting the disasters of the Russians, and when in my hut, his eager inquirise as to how, and why, and the wherefore of every trivial detail which occurred in the camp.

The commanders of the English and the French forces never rightly caught the Russians asleep; in sorties, in open attacks, they were always seemingly prepared. This was mortifying. Certainly some of our men had deserted to the enemy, but this soon died out, owing to the cruel treatment which waited them. That there was a spy, who could pass the English and French lines adlibitum, I did not for an instant doubt.

"At all events," said I, half loud, "if it be this foreigner he must return," and the bare thought was intensely delicious.

"There," hoarsely shouted one of the outlying pickets, as he brought down his rifle to the charge. "Stand! The password."

This challenge sent the blood galloping madly through me. "Now for the mystery," thought I, and my finger pressed determinedly on the trigger of my revolver, as I crept up from whence the sound proceeded.

"All's well, General," I heard the sentry say, who shouldered his rifle and stood firm. For on outpost duty all compliments, such as presenting arms and saluting, are totally ignored.

"Ah, Captain Wood, I believe," said the General, who was on horseback, leaning down on his saddle.

"The same, sir," said I.

The snow by this time had abated, and the heavens grew brighter. Before me was the English commander.

"We attack at daylight, Captain Wood," he whispered. "If we but steal a march upon them this time, I believe we shall carry the great redoubt, which Prince Menschikoff declares would defy all the armies of the world to capture—he deems it impregnable; be *qui vive*."

He was about to ride off when I stopped him.

"General," said I, "it's my duty to report a man wrapped in white, who in defiance of the outlying picket, crossed our position and safely entered the enemy's lines."

The General drew up rein suddenly at this.

"What, again? Unquestionably a spy. In the name of God who and what was he like?"

I felt an irresistible impulse to unbosom my suspicions. But, supposing they should prove unfounded? The character of an English officer would be compromised, and I probably cashiered for so unwarranted a charge, unworthy of an officer and a gentleman.

I merely hinted it might be a Turk, a Frenchman, or an Englishman.

"Humph!" ejaculated the English commander, "if one of these he shall not escape us."

"Order the outlying pickets to be doubled. Throw forward a section of riflemen, under cover of the great redoubt. Suffer no one to pass, on pain of instant death. Order the riflemen to lie down, and, should the spy appear, not to discharge their rifles, but either to seize or knock him down with the butt ends of their muskets."

This order I promptly carried out. Still the same ominous silence at Sebastopol. I heard naught save an occasional chant and clock striking the hour, in the doomed town. Silently, I could see, with my night-glass, the Russians relieving sentry.

"If it be the foreigner, he cannot escape; and should he not return, my worst fears will be realized."

While I was thinking I was dozing off. Should I fall asleep under this thorny brier, there would be a vacancy in ours. And, above all, it would fall to the foreigner. I strove hard to rise, and to my dismay, my limbs felt stiff and rigid. The revolver dropped from my grasp. I essayed to cry out, but my tongue refused to move.

Crack, crack, crack, I heard, like one in a nightmare Something had happened. Sharp firing followed. I gave a faint cry, as if in pain. The tramping probably saved me from an awful death. It removed the stagnated blood. I sat up and instinctively placed my hand over my head and face to protect.

Was it a panic, or was I still dreaming.

"Curse him! he's old nick himself," I heard voices exclaim; "but for the snow storm we would have made mincemeat of him."

And, to my amazement, the rifles in swarms came running back to take up position. One fellow tumbled over me, and the next instant I was surrounded by men who poured stiff "tota of grog" down my throat. Some chafed my limbs, while others took me by the arms in turns and walked me rapidly to and fro. In a short time I was fully restored. To my unutterable astonishment I learned a stoutish man, wrapped in a white cloak, appeared suddenly in the midst of the swarm of human ants. The snow at that moment was terrific, and driven by a keen wind, it was next to impossible to barely see your hand before you. Some say they seized the stranger by the leg. Others say he got some ounces of lead. And yet—he escaped them.

"All through this storm, captain," said an old sergeant. "We are afeared of shooting each other."

"I'll be hanged if he ain't, or appeared to go, smack into our lines."

I was seated in my rude hut a week after this terrible event, and who should walk in but Lieutenant Brown. He calmly seated himself, as was his wont, and serenely smoked his short pipe.

"Positively a stranger, Brown," I said.

"A little out of sorts," he answered, staring me full in the face.

I was ever of the opinion that men of sinister natures could never rightly fix their eyes upon another man's. I laughed at this fallacy, and was ever skeptical upon this point afterward.

"Sorry to hear it," I replied. Then I added, with a searching glance, "What do you think of this spy affair?"

"It's right enough, Captain Wood, I saw the fellow myself, yesterday night, enter the Russian lines. I could have sworn the rascal had stolen my sealskin jacket."

"Did he?" said I, with a faint touch of sarcasm.

He pretended to laugh heartily at this; but there was a gleam in his cruel eyes, and I saw it instantly cankered in his bosom. He proposed some grog, and between us we got slightly elevated. The subject of our conversation was that if the Russians some fine morning made a grand attack near the Inkerman heights, it was probable the allies would be swept into the sea; this was discussed, pro and con, in our camp, and now I meant to hear Lieut. Brown's opinion upon it.

"Monstrous!" said he. "Have we not got the finest troops in the world—our foot guards—located there?"

"Look here, Brown, I know and so do you—in fact, it is transparent to everybody, except those at headquarters—that if the enemy during a snowstorm, or a foggy morning, say, crept up from Sabastopol and fell upon our pickets before the alarm could be given, they could carry everything before them."

He laughed heartily at this, and yet I thought it was a serious laugh. We smoked and drank, and I feigned to fall asleep as Lieutenant Brown took out his supposed diary. He scribbled some words in it upon a loose leaf, then laid the book down a moment to light his pipe, and the draft between the boards of the rude hut wafted it upon the litter at my feet. The Lieutenant staggered, snatched up the book without noticing that the leaf was gone, and departed. I hastily picked up the note, and after much labor I read—

"Attack, followed up, must succeed if made on Inkerman side; at least, that is the opinion of English—suggest the first foggy morning—Sunday."

"'Tis as I expected," I gasped, "the foreigner is a spy."

I kept my own counsel. I knew, on November fourth and fifth, I should be on outpost duty, and what should hinder me from capturing him? I did wrong in repeating the circumstance to my superior officer.

The fourth of November came, and, in the meantime, I had ordered my servant to keep a strict watch on Lieut. Brown. He reported that evening that the foreigner was missing, and on inquiry, this turned out to be true. I still kept my own counsel, but as I halted near a ravine overlooking Sebastopel, I promised promotion to any man who should capture any person coming from the enemy's line, for I felt convinced the foreigner had gone over and would probably return under cover of night. At midnight Sebastopol was enveloped in a dense fog. But throughout that live-long night I was on the alert, encouraging the guards on my right to keep a sharp eye and a 'cute ear on Sabastopol. It was near the dawn when the bells in Sabastopol commenced to ring. The men thought they were the bells for church. This continued for some time. I applied my ear to the ground. Could I be mistaken? The sound of wheels, as if muffled, caught my ear. Then the indistinct tramp of numerous bodies of men.

Before I had time to rise, the report of a musket from the outlying posts startled me.

Another and another followed in rapid succession, the outposts fell back upon the rallying point I had indicated, and I determined to show a front. Judge my surprise, when a Russian officer, in dim outline, stood before me, and in his rear were some half dozen staff officers feeling their way. Something was said in Russian, which I did not understand; but the voice, there was no disguising that. It was the foreigner. My first intention was to shoot him down. In an instant I thought better of it. I fell upon him and disarmed him. Two men bound him, and in a whisper, I gave him in charge of a corporal and four men.

"Headquarters," I whispered to them, and they marched on with their prisoner. Why speak of what followed? Is not the story of the battle of Inkerman and its results known to all?

On the same Sunday afternoon Lieutenant Brown, alias the foreigner, alias Kirkoff—for it turned out he was a Russian by birth—was tried by drumhead court-martial.

At first he denied everything, but afterward made a full confession. I recapitulated what is already known, and reproduced the slip from his notebook. His handwriting alone condemned him. I was the chief witness. And almost instantly he was ordered then and there to be hanged by the neck.

He pleaded to be shot. But the court scornfully rejected his appeal. He was flung off from a neighboring tree on the heights of Inkerman. And on his breast, in English and Russian, were written those brief but terrible words—"The fate of a spy."

A Cat's Tail on a Rooster.

If, says Dr. Brown-Sequard, we put an organ taken from a living animal inside of another animal, very frequently this organ will be engrafted there. The infused serum becomes the object of chemical changes, the blood is attracted and the organ receives circulation. I once engrafted the tail of a cat on a cock's comb. A few days after it was evident by pricking the tail that blood was circulating in it, and it certainly would have staid there had not the cock had a fight and lost its tail. Other cases of grafting leave no doubt in this respect. It is shown by the fact that ova in animals when they are implanted on a mucous membrane take hold of it, blood is attracted there and circulation takes place.

The mere division of a nerve is followed by a good many alterations, often producing atrophy not only of the muscles but also of the cellular tissue of the blood vessels, and also of the bones themselves. All the parts that were animated by the nerve are more or less atrophied after division. Dr. John Reed made an experiment to ascertain whether it was because the nervous system has an influence on the nutrition, which is essential, or whether it was simply the lack of action, the perfect rest in which the part was thrown, that occasioned this wasting away or atrophy. He allowed atrophy to take place, and then galvanized the limb very frequently, and found it improved. But the principal experiment consisted in preventing atrophy by galvanization. He galvanized every day, and found that the limb did not become atrophied. I pushed the experiment further. I waited until atrophy had become considerable in the limb, and then I applied galvanism. I then learned that although the nerve had lost nerve force altogether—as they lose it four days after dissection—yet there was soon a manifest increase in size, and after a time the limb was brought to the normal size that it had before the operation.

Even in man we frequently see cases of that kind. I once had a patient who from rheumatism had been without any exercise in one of his legs for a long time and atrophy was considerable in the thigh. When the pain had diminished considerably he began to apply galvanism. I observed day after day a change for the better, and at the end of a week he had gained at the upper part of the thigh nearly two inches in circumference. This implied a rapid transformation for the better. It is evident, therefore, that in a great measure it is owing to rest or inactivity of a part that want of nerve action and consequently atrophy is due.

His Resolutions.

Theodore Parker married, in April, 1836, Miss Lydia D. Cabot, only daughter of John Cabot, of Newton, with whom he had plighted troth five years previously. The following resolutions are entered in his journal on his wedding-day:

1. Never, except for the best of causes, to oppose my wife's will.
2. To discharge all services, for her sake, freely.
3. Never to scold.
4. Never to look cross at her.
5. Never to weary her with commands.
6. To promote her piety.
7. To bear her burdens.
8. To overlook her foibles.
9. To love, cherish, and ever defend her.
10. To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers; thus God willing, we shall be blessed.

Do Cats Think?

A New Hampshire paper relates the following story, asserting that it comes to it "through a reliable source:"—In a store in Exeter, a short time ago, a hogshead had been left opened, and upon going to it a company of rats were found in the bottom, having been attracted thither by its contents, and being unable to get out. The store cat was brought in and placed in position to see them, but after taking a good look jumped down and ran out at the door, shortly reappearing with another cat. They now looked over the situation and retired, soon coming back with the third cat. They now seemed satisfied with their force and made an attack, jumping into the hogshead. The cats had, however, miscalculated the force of their enemy, and two were killed, the other being taken out in season to save its life.

Instinct of a Horse.

Blind instinct led a horse belonging to Dr. Allen, of Saco, Me., to act as follows: Standing before the doctor's office, he started up the street for his stable. At that time the entrance to the premises was through a double gate, fastened on the inside with a staple. The horse was seen to approach, put his head over the gate, and with his teeth lifted up the hasp, then moving back a few steps, he came forward and put his shoulder against one side of the gate, and pushed it open; again backing down, he advanced and pushed open the other gate; and then backing again, he went through the entrance, without injury to the carriage. He seemed to know that it was necessary for him to draw the carriage squarely through the centre of the entrance.

Life is an inconceivably beautiful thing, as soon as we can reach that point whence we can look out upon it with a clear conscience and a character well buffeted by experience.

HIGH LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

The Marriage of the President's Daughter at the White House.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Grant to Mr. Sartoris took place in the East Room of the Executive Mansion, Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating. During the morning, and up to the hour when the guests took their departure, the avenues leading to the mansion were closed to all except those invited to the wedding, and there were policemen on the grounds to prevent intrusion by outside parties, many of whom had gathered at the outer gates to see the guests ride into the inclosure. The doortenders had received strict orders to admit no one without an invitation.

The east room, the scene of the wedding, was tastefully and elaborately decorated with plants, flowers and evergreens; on the east side was a platform raised about a foot from the floor and covered with a part of the carpet several years ago presented to the government by the Sultan of Turkey. The platform was arched with evergreen and flowers, and from its center hung a marriage bell of large proportions composed of the choicest white flowers. Punctual to the hour the invited guests entered the east room and arranged themselves in full view of the platform. The toilets of all the ladies were of the richest description. The scene was unusually brilliant, the large display of flowers adding to the beauty of the scene. The bridal party passing through the Blue Room entered the East Room. Their presence immediately hushed the company to silence. The approach was announced by music from the Marine band. First came Mr. Sartoris and Colonel Frederick D. Grant, the only groomsman. Next the bridesmaids, two by two, the President and Miss Grant, Mrs. Grant and her two sons. These were followed by relatives of the family.

On reaching the platform the President transferred his daughter to Mr. Sartoris, who, with the bride, ascended the platform, where the officiating minister was in waiting to receive them. They took position under the floral wedding bell. The President and Colonel Grant, together with Miss Barnes, one of the bridesmaids, were the only other persons near the bridal party on the platform, Mrs. Grant and her two boys standing in front and the remaining seven bridesmaids on the side of the structure.

The bride wore a white satin dress elaborately trimmed with point lace and a tulle veil, and her hair was adorned with orange blossoms. There was nothing particularly noticeable in the dress of the groom, which was of course in the latest style with the conventional white necktie.

The bridesmaids were the Misses Barnes, Drexel, Dent, Porter, Conkling, Sherman and Frelinghuysen. They were severally dressed in white corded silk, covered with white illusion, with soft puffs and plaitings caught up with flowers. Their sashes were of the same material as the dresses. Four of these ladies were distinguished by pink roses and the other four by pink flowers.

All things being in readiness, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany proceeded with the ceremony according to the form of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Every one, as usual on such occasions, preserved a marked silence, and listened attentively to every word while closely watching the manner and countenances of the bridal pair. The ceremony over, the minister was the first to kiss the bride. She immediately turned to her father, who embraced and kissed her. Then the mother approached and kissed her daughter, as did also the brothers of the bride and numerous relatives and female friends.

A Smuggler's Narrative.

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow-passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadily upon her, "we shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom-house." A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced from her countenance.

"You look very good-natured, sir," stammered she.

I bowed, and looked considerably more so to invite her confidence.

"If I was to tell you a secret, which I find is too much for me to keep to myself, O, would you keep it inviolable?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, smiling; "it is lace, is it not?"

She uttered a little shriek, and yes, she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

"Oh, sir," cried she, "it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

I rushed up the ladder like a lamplighter; I pointed out the woman to a legitimate authority; I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she lost, paid her fine, and explained:

"You, madam, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved by me in any way, pray take more lace; here is lots of it."

When I finished my explanation, the lady seemed perfectly satisfied with my little stroke of diplomacy, though she would have doubtless preferred a less prominent part in it.

The Peach Districts.

Within the last few weeks a species of black bug has appeared in countless numbers in the peach orchards near Denton, Caroline County, Md., and has done serious damage in that locality. In one nursery the grafted stocks of 83,000 trees were entirely killed. The insect is even capable of destroying large trees, as it thickly covers the leaves and prevents vegetation. None of the ordinary means of destroying insects seem to avail, as this scourge is very tenacious of life, and a liquid application that will kill the tree does not affect it. It resembles the rose-bug, and is regarded by entomologists as a similar pest to the cherry achid. Thus far no serious damage has been done to fruit-bearing orchards, though the presence of the bug is reported in peach districts about Middletown. Specimens of the insect have been sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

THE VALE OF DEATH.

After the Mill River Disaster—A Thrilling Picture of the Sad Scene.

I have before me, writes a correspondent from the Mill River Valley, Massachusetts, a bird's-eye view of the vale of devastation. At my feet is the bottom of the reservoir itself, black, ghastly and menacing. The very stumps which lift themselves above the dark mass of sediment seem to mock at the desolation of the valley below and at those who come to look on the source of the disaster. There are hills all around except where the brook, which now meanders quietly through the black bed to the lake, finds an outlet over the remains of the dike. Here two miniature mountains nearly touch each other, and were joined together by the wall and dirt of the embankment. At each side there is now a part of the wall as it originally stood. At the bottom a straight line of masonry even with the bed shows the base of the wall from side to side. Seen from the hill above it looks very narrow, and actual measurement shows that in its strongest part it was only five feet nine inches wide. The width gradually diminished, and at the summit it was scarcely wider than an ordinary stone fence. Most prison walls are stronger in every way than this dam, which held prisoner for nine years 125 acres of water. Below the dam is a narrow gorge, extending from the reservoir to Williamsburg, and almost in an instant the dike gave way and the unchained waters went rushing in wrath and fury down this narrow defile, heralded only by a flying horseman, who bore the tidings of impending destruction and death to the doomed villagers below the defile.

THE FEARFUL FLOOD.

The scene which followed baffles description. It was awful beyond the power of words to describe. No imagination short of Dore's wonderful conceptions of the terrible could guide the brush which would put it upon canvas. The only account of a like disaster which approaches it in its awful sublimity is Charles Reade's story of the breaking away of the Hillsboro' dam in "Put Yourself in His Place." Even that account, once so vivid to my imagination, is dull and tame to me now—inane, indeed, after seeing what I saw in the chain of villages through which I sadly and laboriously struggled to reach this spot. Yet in many respects the two disasters are wonderfully like. There was the same parleying over the question whether the dam would give way, the same playing with danger till the flood was on its way. George Chenev, dashing down the narrow defile to Williamsburg, has his analogy in Charles Reade's hero. The disbelief, the flight, the paralysis of terror which met Chenev at the village was the reception that was also accorded the messenger of death of Reade's imagination. The analogy did not cease even with this, and Haydensville is to-day the counterpart of Poma Bridge. Never were two tales so marvelously similar. And in the one case as in the other the mad waters were upon the operatives before their dull sense of the awful danger enabled many of them to comprehend the impending disaster and to escape from it. Williamsburg had ten minutes to prepare, and Williamsburg mourns sixty dead. Haydensville had four minutes, and it gave forty victims to the flood. Leeds had only two minutes, and fifty lifeless forms were buried in the debris, dashed against the hillsides, and strewn over the meadows above Florence.

THE SCENE OF DESOLATION.

On the spot where I stand I can see the black bed of the reservoir, the abutments which remain of the broken dam, and the wild gorge through which the waters rushed on their way to the villages which stretch before me in the misty distance. Though called by different names they are, in fact, one town—a chain of villages stretching all the way from Northampton to Williamsburg, at the opening of the gorge. Much of the latter place still remains, the town hall being the middle of a hamlet left untouched by the waters. Smiling over it in the sunlight I saw the village cemetery, its green sward yawning with opening graves. A little farther to the east, and closely hugging the eastern hills, the work of death and desolation begun. Here the bed of the stream is lost, and for a mile below the waters percolate in 1,000 rills through as many channels till they come together again just above Haydensville. The roadbed is gone, and for two days long lines of vehicles have been slowly finding their way through the submerged meadows where the mills and dwellings stood. The depot is a mile below, and all above it is a waste. On Saturday the valley was impassable above the depot. There is no highway even now, and a good road will be the work of years. The sites of the houses and mills, as well as the buildings, have disappeared. Surveys based upon old title deeds will be necessary to determine what is whose, and where the old landmarks were. Maps are of no use to a visitor like me, for where I see houses marked on the page I behold only desolation in the valley. Here is a house toppled over on its side, but where it was or whence it came I know not. There is a structure tossed about by the flood till it was left with the roof on the ground. But most of the buildings marked on the map have not only disappeared, but all traces of them are gone. Their fragments strew the earth all the way down the valley, and the Connecticut has carried much of the debris out to the sea.

THE FORCE OF THE WATERS.

And even the earth, the ground, the banks or the conglomerate masses which pass for these are difficult of recognition in the elements which constitute them. Great rolls of cloth are interwoven with the debris and the soil. Buttons and instruments of brass and iron and steam boilers and brick and stone and parts of buildings and remnants of household furniture are strewn about indiscriminately. Everything is everywhere and nothing can be found. In coming up to my mount of vantage my carriage wheels passed over a beaten and battered "waiter"—it may have been of silver for all I know. A little further on they ground into fragments a triangular piece of marble from some fine lady's dressing case. As I stand here I look down upon this fearful scene of desolation, too marvelous in its sudden transformation to describe it, too terrible in its inconceivable agony to picture or portray it. As far as the eye can reach, the story of waste, of devastation and death is only varied now and then by an incident a little more terrible than the others or some mad work of destruction a little more conspicuously frightful than the rest. The face of nature has completely changed in this once happy and smiling valley, and every scene reflects the sorrow around it. And the rains which poured down all day long, have made this theatre of death even ghastlier than it was before. With the full unlight it was ghastly enough without the sombre shades of this fretful day. I cannot now attempt to recount the disasters, beginning with the wife and daughter of Livingstone Barlett, who were the first to fall victims to the flood, and ending, perhaps, with the little boy whose body I saw dragged out from the meadows below Leeds.

HAYDENSVILLE.

I pointed a moment ago to Haydensville as the Poma Bridge of Charles Reade's story. It is the village in the centre of the valley. Immediately below it is Leeds; above it is Williamsburg. It was a beautiful village. William Skinner's silk mill, which was just below the Williamsburg depot, marked the dividing line between it and its neighbor village. The mill is gone to the last brick, and the elegant mansion of its proprietor is the shattered monument of what this man had wrought. The operatives at first regarded the story of the coming flood as a joke, and it was not until the mill and many houses near it were swept away—not until the flood had come and almost gone that they awoke to the terrible reality.

Onward swept the waters, and the mill of Hayden, Gere & Co. was also swept away, and with it the savings bank, where some foolhardy people had ensconced themselves to witness and watch the flood. At this point the river was walled with solid masonry, but the walls were uprooted and the huge stones which composed them were tossed about like so many pebbles dropped into an eddying current. On the high ground above is the house of Joel Hayden, built by the late Governor Hayden, where the boiler from the mill now lies on the lawn. Other residences equally elegant stand in a line with it, and though they remain, every tree in front of them which was not swept away is imbedded in immense masses of debris where, perhaps, some of the undiscovered bodies are buried. On the other side of the river the banks were not so high, and nearly everything went with the flood, a line of rubbish on the hillside marking the height which the waters reached. And so rolled the flood on through Leeds, continuing its work of destruction till its force was weakened in the meadows above Florence. Thus weakened, on and on it went till the Connecticut swallowed it and all that came with it, calmly vanquishing what a moment before had been a giant. My imagination has been so much impressed by what I witnessed coming here—the desolated valley, the ruined buildings, the houses filled with the dead, the vehicles bearing the disfigured bodies of the victims, the possibilities of almost impossible revelations of disaster and death—that I cannot overlook the scene upon which my eyes have rested without emotions which come to few men in the course of a long lifetime. This is no ordinary scene, even to one who has seen death in every shape. It is worse than a battle field where the carnage has been terrible, for here most of the victims have been women and children, too weak to run from the death that overtook them. It was an overwhelming torrent, rushing through a peaceful valley and showing itself a messenger of destruction, which claimed first of all what was choicest and best. That valley, once noted for its industry, and now historic from its calamity, is before me, and its woes may be seen wherever the eyes chance to rest. Williamsburg, Haydensville, Leeds are the names of one common misfortune which could not have happened if a few men, considered the safest and best in the community, had guarded as carefully their own interests and the lives of their operatives as they had shrewdly carved fortunes out of nothing.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

And, again, the disaster was full of incidents, it could not be otherwise where the story of every victim was a tragedy scarcely less terrible than the crimes of the French Revolution. The account of Henry Tilton bearing his mother and his little son to a place of safety, but escaping, while both of those he loved were swept away, is more pathetic than Virgil's legend of Æneas bearing Anchises upon his shoulders from ruined Troy—more dramatic than Henry Little's struggle with the Hillsboro' flood for the safety of Grace Carden. But in the next breath we are told that a cow floated down from Williamsburg to Florence, and escaped with only a broken horn. Poet never wrote anything finer in conception or truer to the grand and overpowering impulses of a mother's heart and a mother's love than is contained in the lament of the poor Irish woman who lost her husband but saved her crippled child only to lose him also by a subsequent accident which befell him while they were bearing him to a place of safety. "Oh!" cried she, "that I should live to see this night! An' the boy cried to me, 'Sure you won't leave me, mother, to be carried in the flood!' an' I rushed and snatched him out of bed, and got out between the houses, and, as God hears me, I couldn't get farther, an' I stood there, an' the boy in my arms, an' the water going over me. And I was knocked from here wid a timber that hit me on my leg and again in the breast, but I'm alive and I saved the boy, but he'll die the mornin', an' the man's gone. Edward's gone! Oh, but for the rainy morning, he'd been here at work and saved! Oh, my darling, my darling, God help us!"

No pen, save Victor Hugo's, flushed with describing the horrors of La Vendee, can adequately describe this disaster. Among calamities it is epic in all its phases. I can only survey the field over which the mad waters rushed in their fury and think that if I had time to collect all my thoughts and opportunity to select the fittest words for telling all I have heard I might unfold a chapter which other men would read with feelings akin to my own.

Sluicing Him Down.

A lady had gone to visit a young couple of the better class of the poor. The husband being a stoker on a railway, they were above the reach of want. The visitor thought they might go to church on Sundays, and she said so to the young wife.

"Will you please walk in till I show you something?" was the woman's answer, and she conducted her visitor to the little kitchen, where her husband sat by the fire. He had just come home for half an hour to have his tea. He was, of course, in his working clothes, and his face and hands were of a deep, oily black, after the manner of stokers.

"Now, ma'am," said the woman, "you see that there man. That's my husband; and I'm bound to do a part by him, ain't I?"

"Surely," said the visitor, anxious to uphold the duties of matrimony.

"Very well, then. I pass my Sundays a-washing of he! Never a blessed moment has he to wash himself through the week—out early and late, and half the night, too, and blacker nor any crow all the while. Well, on Sundays it is fitting and proper that he should try to look like a Christian, if he can, so he sets me to it after we eat our breakfast, with a bucketful of soapsuds and a scrubbing-brush, and I rubs at him off and on all day, till my arms ache, and he ain't much better than he wor; and then after we has our tea he says to me—'Come, Sally, have another try—there's a brave woman,' and I goes at him again, and sluices him down till you'd think a born nigger 'ud come out white, and, if you'd believe me, ma'am, when I polishes him off with a dry towel afore he goes to bed, he's only a light brown after all!"

HYDROPHOBIA AT WHOLESALE.

What a Dog Did in Chicago—Thirteen Persons Under Sentence of Death—Two of the Victims Already Dead.

About nine days ago a rabid dog was killed on Star street, after he had bitten thirteen persons. One of the victims, named Frank Becker, thirteen years old, who resided with his parents on Orchard street, died about two weeks ago in the most intense agony. During the boy's sickness Herman Vanderbasch, a sewing machine agent, living and doing business at No. 581 Larrabee street, who had also been bitten by the same dog, went to see him. He took great interest in the case, and said, upon his return home, after Becker's death, "That is the way I shall go shortly." He was greatly horrified, and, being a Catholic, commenced to make his peace with God, and to prepare for death. His fate seemed to occupy his mind continually to the exclusion of all other subjects, although he attended to his business up to about a week ago, when he manifested decided symptoms of hydrophobia, and took to his bed. A short time previous to this Vanderbasch had expressed a desire to visit St. Hubert, in Belgium, where the Catholics have a superstitious belief that the hydrophobia can be cured by a touch from any of the surroundings; but he could not raise the necessary amount of money to make the journey. He became a prey to the most morbid imagination, and at the time of taking his bed he was so wrought up with excitement that he could not bear even the indirect mention of water.

When it became necessary for him to drink he would instruct his family to bring him a cup of water, and would turn his back to them while he took it from behind, and then shutting his eyes, he would swallow the fluid at a gulp. Strangulation would immediately follow, and in the retchings he would spit blood from his lungs.

At these times he would caution his friends to keep out of his way, and would use the utmost care to turn his head that the saliva might not come in contact with their persons. He retained his consciousness up to the day of his death, except when the paroxysms were upon him, and he would beg his people to tie him so he could not injure them. This was done before the physicians were sent for.

The patient was visited by Dr. D. L. Scheppers, who called in council Drs. Pierce, Ulrich, Greiger and Miller. On Friday night the patient grew alarmingly worse, and a straight-jacket was put upon him, confining his limbs and rendering him harmless. Soothing medicines were administered, but nothing could be done to alleviate his sufferings. On Friday afternoon an old priest called to see him, and gave him a relic from St. Hubert, which he had brought from there two years ago, bearing the Pope's seal and certificate, written in Latin, that the charm was genuine, and the poor fellow fondly believed that the magical piece of brass would certainly cure him. This had the effect of calming him down till toward night, and he clung to it with the grasp of despair. But imagination coupled with the poisonous influence of the saliva inoculated into his system, had done its work beyond all hopes of reparation, and the victim died at half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning in the most terrible writhings of agony.

The form of death was very much the same as that of asphyxia, the disease appearing to be in his throat and chest. A post-mortem examination of his heart, lungs, liver and stomach was made by Dr. Scheppers, with the permission of the widow, and the lungs were found congested in nearly every lobe. The heart was found nearly sound, no clots of blood being discernible, though a few punctures were visible. The liver was perfectly sound and the stomach was entirely empty. The most important part of the subject was left unexamined—the brain. Had that been exposed, in all probability it would have been found to be in a high state of congestion also; but it was only with persistent urging that the family of deceased could be induced to give their consent to the examination of the lungs, and the doctor was forced to remain in ignorance as to the state of the brain and also of the bowels.

As the form of the dead man lay in its coffin it presented a most horrible spectacle. The eyes were staring, as they had been before his death, the pupils dilated to the utmost capacity, the hands clinched and the limbs cramped.

Deceased was a Hollander, forty-two years of age, and leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss. He was always very temperate in his habits till within the last ten days, when he took to drinking, as he said, to forget the great trouble. There is not the shadow of a doubt that imagination was the chief cause of his death at this time, though the poison which was instilled into his system might have woke into activity at any other time. He had felt no effects of the bite until he witnessed the sufferings and death of the boy Becker, and then it would seem he worried himself into the same condition, and the excitement brought on congestion of the lungs and brain.

There are eleven persons who were bitten at the time by the same dog, and it is possible that all may share a similar fate with Becker and Vanderbasch, unless they let their good sense triumph over their superstitious imagination. It has been said that a French physician of Paris discovered that Russian or vapor baths were almost a sure cure for this disease, if taken before congestion is brought on. The poor victims of the rabid animal will doubtless leave no rock unturned till they have found the mad stone which will heal them of their malady.—*Chicago Paper.*

A Clerical Emetic.

It is not often that a prisoner is brought to trial upon the charge laid against Father Baronius, when he appeared before the tribunal at Treviglio, in Lombardy. This worthy ecclesiastic was accused, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of putting a strong emetic into the wine which some of his brother priests were about to use in the celebration of mass, and his only defense was that he wanted to play a practical joke upon two of them who had recently come to Treviglio. They belonged to an opposite school of theology, and Father Baronius, who seemed surprised that his application of emetics to religion should have caused so great a scandal, thought that if he could not convert them he might at least punish them. It would have been useless for him to have denied the main facts of the accusation, as the dose was so strong that one of the victims was ill for a week, while the doctors at Treviglio, possessing but a very elementary knowledge of the healing art, thought that he had been poisoned, and submitted him to so severe a diet that he was reduced to a skeleton. The offending priest was charged upon the double count of misdemeanor and sacrilege, and was sentenced to seven months' imprisonment.

The entire population of Australia is estimated at 2,000,000. The island continent has an area almost as large as the whole of Europe.

Items of Interest.

Air of importance—One's first breath.

Receipt for a hot breakfast—admire your landlady's new bonnet.

Death is the veil which those who live call life; they sleep, and it is lifted.

A Nashville man advertised for "a Christian man who understands how to run a boiler."

The present year is noted abroad for the large number of public buildings that have been destroyed by fire.

It is stated that

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 11,, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

The Elk Co. Democrat, following the example of the Reporter advocates in a strong editorial article the nomination of L. A. Mackey, esq., of Lock Haven, as the democratic candidate for congress in the twentieth congressional district.

By the recent bids, under the new Constitution the state saves about 2½ dollars per page on printing the Legislative Record. Bergner got it, and draws about $9000 less for the job, than formerly. That's why he opposed the new Constitution.

Brown's paper has made its appearance again after a four weeks sleep. Brown has his rooster up, crowing over his re-appearance. The bird at once shows the nature of the disease, right under his lower lip there is yet a large lump—the chicken has had the mumps, and that's what laid him up. Well, glad to see you Brown, whenever you get into a "fix" again let us know and our check on "Potters Bank" for a cool $500, will be at your service. Still a candidate for district attorney?

That staunch democratic journal the Altoona Sun, speaks thus of L. A. Mackey:

It is now almost definitely ascertained that L. A. Mackey, Esq , of Lock Haven, will be the democratic nominee for Congress in the Twentieth district. As a statesman, Mr. M. possesses abilities inferior to no other citizen in the state; and, besides, he is one of the most influential and popular men in that section, and if elected we predict that the Twentieth Congressional district will be the best represented district in the Commonwealth.

The Reporter Says Amen To It.

[From the Clearfield Republican, Dem.]

NEUTRAL VIEWS.

The editor of the Renovo Record publishes a neutral paper, but remarks as there is no "turkey" for the republicans, in the way our districts have been formed, it would be just and proper to designate whom the democrats should nominate, and he hopes that his suggestions will not prove offensive to the democrats, as he will propose none but first class men for the several positions, viz:

"For Congress, Hon. L. A. Mackey, of Lock Haven, who will very likely be the choice of all the counties in this Congressional district, without opposition. For Associate Judge, Judge Orvis, of Centre county, will be the choice. Clearfield will come in then for State Senator and Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, our present representative, will likely receive a renomination.

The third section of this ticket we accept without hesitation. What Mr. Walace's feelings are upon the subject, we know not. But we have it from the lips of three fourths of his democratic colleagues in the Senate, besides numbers of leading democrats all over the state that his return to the senate for at least the fractional term of two years is very desirable, so as to enable him to complete the huge work he undertook last session, of adjusting the corporate and business interests of the state to the new Constitution.

Even Radical Senators, who love the state more than their party, and prefer general to special legislation and are opposed to corruption, ask for Mr. Wallace's return, and we are greatly mistaken if a large majority of both parties in this Senatorial district are not in favor of returning him to his seat, which he has so ably and honorably filled for the past twelve years. Our democratic friends in Centre and Clinton cannot entrust their legislation to an abler or more willing and upright representative than Mr. Wallace.

It is a settled determination of nineteen out of every twenty voters of this county and judicial district, that Judge Orvis shall be elected judge next fall—this on account of his high standing as a lawyer and the efficiency which he has shown as president judge, since his appointment. Mr. Orvis has now held court in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and in all these counties has exhibited so high an order of talent for the bench as to call forth the admiration of all inside and outside our district. Yet, notwithstanding this settled determination of our people *that he shall* be the judge, and notwithstanding the entire satisfaction he has given thus far upon the bench, there is a puny effort on the part of a little corrupt ring and clique, to make trouble in Mr. Orvis' nomination as president judge. The readers of the Reporter, in this county know where this plot has its origin; democrats have for the last two weeks talked of the attempted scheme, yet in embryo, and know the ones at the bottom of it. We have no fears of the plot succeeding—Judge Orvis is stronger than his enemies five times counted, and we only ask the democracy of Centre county, who in quiet are shaking their heads at the attempts of the plotters, to bear in mind who it is that would defeat the wishes of the people in order to serve their own wicked ends. We need not speak more plainly upon this subject, the majority of democrats are aware of the scheme.

LIGHTNING TRAINS.—Forty-five miles an hour and but two stops between Pittsburg and Philadelphia! It is certainly reported that arrangements are being perfected by which two trains on the Pennsylvania railroad will make the above speed. Troughs are to be erected at proper intervals, so that the tanks will be enabled to take water while flying over the track at forty miles an hour. When these facilities shall have been introduced the three hundred and fifty-four miles between Philadelphia and Pittsburg will be gone over without stopping at any place but Altona and Harrisburg. Water troughs are now being put up at Leaman Place below Lancaster. On the western division they have been in use for several years.

Pa. Reserves' Reunion.

The Re-union of the Pennsylvania Reserves, at Bellefonte, on last Thursday, was a success and one of the grandest affairs ever had in this county. The Reserves were out in large numbers, representing all portions of the state. It was fitting that these heroes of twenty six battles, the children of Pennsylvania's great war governor, Andrew. G. Curtin, should have this year's re-union, in his own town, and we know, from the reception they met with, that it was one of the happiest, warmest, and most hospitable re-unions they have yet had. Bellefonte was true too her innate hospitality, and made it a grand gala day, not only for the brave soldiers, but for the thousands who gathered in to witness the re-union. The reserves from other parts of the state arrived in the 11 a. m. train, and were received at the depot by the fire companies, Farm School Cadets, Zeller Zuaves, and Centre county soldiers and crowds of citizens, and escorted through the town, and then led into the cool shades of the spacious court-house yard, where half a mile of tables were groaning with the best the town and county could afford, and served to the veterans free by the ladies and gentlemen appointed for the service At 2 o'clock the court-room was crowded to suffocation by soldiers and citizens to listen to addresses. Eloquent speeches were delivered by Gen. Beaver, Col. M'Coy, of Harrisburg, Wm. B. Mann, of Philadelphia, and Gov. Curtin, all breathing a noble spirit of fraternal feeling for the south, on oblivion of the past, and one Union of hearts and hands as well as of states. The addresses were interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. While the speaking was going on in the inside, the large crowd in the front yard which could not gain admittance to the court-room, called for Col. J. W. Forney, who appeared and addressed the crowd in the same patriotic strain as the speakers inside.

At 4 p. m. the line was again formed for parade through the streets, with a band of music from Philadelphia, Repass' Band from Williamsport, the Lock Haven Band, Rebersburg Band, Bellefonte Band and several drum corps. The parade closed by halting in front of Gov. Curtin's residence, where they were again addressed by Centre county's distinguished son, in a speech full of eloquence and fervent patriotism, which went to the hearts of the men who love and adore Andrew G. Curtin, the soldiers' friend. If there is one man in Pennsylvania who is deepest in the hearts of Pennsylvanian's boys in blue, it is Andrew G. Curtin, and well he deserves to be. He cared for them as a parent does for his offspring, and there is no name that arouses the enthusiasm of the Pennsylvania soldier quicker and more wildly, than that of Gov. Curtin, whom they greeted with deafening cheers at every appearance and at almost every utterance of his eloquent tongue. We may add here, fittingly, that the excellent lady of the Governor, contributed much to make the visit of the Reserves a pleasant and memorable one, and we suppose Mrs. Curtin never felt happier than on Thursday, when it was her privilege, among others, to wait upon the "boys" while partaking of the sumptuous dinner which she and the other good ladies of Bellefonte provided for them. Mrs. Curtin is a queenly lady in her manner and as noble of heart as any true type of the American woman can be. As the wife of an American minister at the court of one of the great powers of the earth, Mrs. Curtin returned again with her husband, to her native county of Centre, carrying with her the fondest esteem of the noble ladies whom it was her lot to associate with on the European continent, without having lost her republican manner and simplicity by contact with royalty, and never dreaming that she dare be above administering to the comforts of the humblest American soldier—to her this is a labor of love.

In the evening there was a magnificent display of fire-works, for which Prof. Jackson, of Philadelphia, was engaged. This exhibition was grand, and the representations appropriate, lasting nearly two hours, and to the delight of the sea of faces which crowded the streets to witness the display. The town was beautifully decorated,—in short nothing was left undone by the citizens to make the whole affair a grand success. The day was delightful—the rain of the day before having laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere. The event will long be remembered.

General W. H. Blair acted as chief marshal, assisted by Colonels Weaver, Stewart, Robert McFarland, and Bayard, Majors John Wolf and P. B. Wilson, and Captains Curtin and Quiggle. Among the distinguished visitors noticeable in the court-house, when the business meeting of the association was called to order, were Colonel John W. Forney, Colonel William B. Mann, General McCay, of Harrisburg; Hon. Eli Slifer, General H. G. Sickles, Hon. William McClelland, of Pittsburg; Hon. L. W. Mackey, and General Jesse Merrill, President Curtin occupied the chair. The address of welcome delivered by Gen. James A. Beaver and a song composed for the occasion by J. W. Furey were vociferously applauded.

Hon. L. A. Mackey made an eloquent speech in front of Gov. Curtin's residence, as also did Wm. B. Mann.

Pope Pius IX. completed the eighty-second year of his age on the 13th of May. His Holiness received 170,000 letters of congratulation—12,000 of them from Italians during the one day.

When a man nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a "lightning bug," supposing it to be the head-light of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

Grant's views on the money are given in another column—they are democratic; and cause much fluttering in rag money quarters.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL—THE NEGRO AGAIN IN THE FOREGROUND.

The United States Senate has passed the Civil Rights Bill, another financial scheme to force the negro into social equality. Not content with making the negro equal before the law, they must go further and outside the Constitution to decree that he "shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres and other places of public amusement, and also of common schools and public institutions of learning and benevolence supported in whole or in part by general taxation, and of cemeteries sosupported, and also the institutions known as Agricultural Colleges, endowed by the United States, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by the law and applicable alike to citizens of every race and color, regardless of any previous condition of servitude."

That this law will be impracticable is plain, but that does not divest it of its objectionable character, nor render it less odious; and the attempt to force a mixture of races in the public schools ought to particularly awaken the indignation and receive the condemnation of every man and woman of the country. It is a serious blow on the common school system, and in some of the states must break it up. Parson Brownlow, than whom there is no more bitter Radical, declares that such will be the result in Tennessee, and the same will be true in other states.

Further, the United States has no right to meddle with the common school system of the states. What control of right have they over the system in Pennsylvania? None, surely. That great system of education, of which the people of the Commonwealth are justly proud, is a creation of the state. It made it, and the people of the state can unmake it, regardless of what the Federal Government may wish or think. It is fostered by the hard earnings alone of her citizens, it is their property, and the government of the United States has no right to fix rules for its government. But the fanatics of Radicalism propose to try the experiment. It is for the people to see that it is not successful. The laws of the State only, which amply provide for the education of the negro if he chooses to avail himself of them, are worthy of respect in reference thereto. The New York Herald well characterizes this act as "licking the dust of the negroes' shoes," and appropriately says there is a point at which laws may be unworthy of respect. This act is special legislation by the government of the United States of the most objectionable and unconstitutional form.—*Cl. Dem.*

GRANT FOR A THIRD TERM.

[Utica Observer.]

Edwards Pierrepont, at the close of a long conversation with a casual acquaintance remarked lately: "I may not see you again before the next Presidential election. I wish, therefore, that you would mark this prediction. Grant will not only be renominated and re-elected in 1876, but he will get the support of the Southern Democrats." Mr. Pierpont met all the criticisms on the President's course by an answer comprehensive if not satisfactory. He said: "Grant represents the average morality and intelligence of the country." Edwards Pierpont is no stranger at the White House. He subscribed $20,000 for the republican election fund in 1868, at a time when money was not so plenty among the managers as it is now. He is a particular favorite of the President.

The celebrated $7,000 package, given to Senator York, of Kansas, to secure his vote for Pomeroy in the Senatorial election, which Mr. York produced in the joint convention to the discomfiture of Old Subsidy, is again the subject of public interest. Mr. Francis the new state treasurer, has receipted for it among other valuables in the state treasury, but does not know what to do with it. York, who only took it in order to entrap Pomeroy, will have nothing to do with it. Pomeroy's explanation of the affair is that the money was given in trust to York for one Page, who was to start a national bank on it, but Page has relinquished all claim to it. So the cash remains in the treasury without an owner.

AUTHORIZED STATEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS.

Washington June 5.—The following correspondence on the financial question between the President and Senator Jones of Nevada has been obtained for publication.

To the Hon. J. P. Jones, U. S. Senate.

Memorandum of views entertained on the subject of desirable legislation on the finances.

I believe it a high and plain duty to return to a specie basis at the earliest practicable day, not only in compliance with legislative and party pledges, but as a step indispensible to lasting national prosperity. I believe further, that the time has come when this can be done, or at least begun, with less embarrassment to every branch of industry than at any future time, after resort has been had to unstable and temporary expedients to stimulate unreal prosperity and speculation on bases other than coin as the reorganized medium of exchange throughout the commercial world. The particular mode selected to bring about a restoration of the specie standard is not of so much consequence as that some adequate plan be devised, the time fixed when currency shall be exchangeable for coin at par, and the plan adopted rightly adhered to. It is not probable that any legislation suggested by me would prove acceptable to both branches of congress, and indeed a full discussion might shake my own faith in the details of any plan I might propose. I will, however venture to state the general features of the action which seems to me advisable—the financial platform on which I would stand, and any departure from which would be in a spirit of concession and harmony in deference to conflicting opinions.

First. I would like to see the legal tender clause, so called, repealed; the repeal to take effect at a future time, say July 1, 1875; this would cause all contracts made after that date for wages, sales, etc., to be estimated in coin. It would correct our notions of values. The specie dollar would be the only dollar known as the measure of equivalents. When debts afterward contracted were paid in currency, instead of calling the paper dollar a dollar and quoting gold at so much premium, we should think and speak of paper as at so much discount; this alone would aid greatly in bringing the two currencies nearer together at par.

Second. I would like to see a provision that at a fixed day, say July 1, 1876, the currency issued by the United States should be redeemed in coin on presentation to any assistant treasurer, and that all the currency so redeemed should be canceled and never reissued. To effect this, it would be necessary to authorize the issue of bonds payable in gold, bearing such interest as would command par in gold, to be put out by the treasury only in such sums as should from time to time be needed for the purpose of redemption.

Such legislation would insure a return to sound financial principles in two years, and would in my judgment work less hardship to the debtor interest than is likely to come from putting off the day of final reckoning. It must be borne in mind, too, that the creditor interest had its day of disadvantage also, when our present financial system was brought in by the supreme needs of the nation at the time. I would further provide that from and after the date fixed for redemption no bills whether of national banks or of the United States, returned to the treasury to be exchanged for new bills should be replaced by bills of less denomination than $10, and that in one year after resumption all bills of less than $5 should be withdrawn from circulation, and in two years all bills of less than $10 should be withdrawn. The advantage of this would be the strength given the country against time of depression resulting from war, failure of crops, or any other cause, by keeping always in the hands of the people a large supply of the precious metals. With all smaller transactions conducted in coin, many millions of it would be kept in constant use and of course prevented from leaving the country. Undoubtedly a poorer currency will always drive a better out of circulation. With paper a legal tender, and at a discount, gold and silver become articles of merchandise as much as wheat or cotton. The surplus will find the best market it can. With small bills in circulation, there is no use for coin, except to keep it in the vaults of banks to redeem circulation. During periods of great speculation and apparent prosperity, there is little demand for coin, and then it will flow out to market where it can be made to earn something which it cannot do while lying idle. Gold, like anything else, when not needed becomes a surplus, and like every other surplus, it seeks a market wherever it can find one. By giving active employment to coin, however, its presence can, it seems to me, be secured, and the panics and depressions which have occurred periodically in times of nominal specie payments, if they cannot be wholly prevented, can at least be greatly mitigated. Indeed I question whether it would have been necessary to depart from the standard of specie in the trying days which gave birth to the first legal tender act had the country taken the ground of no small bills as early as 1850.

Again, I would provide an excess of revenue over current expenditures, I would do this by rigid economy, and by taxation where taxation can best be borne. Increased revenue would work a constant reduction of debt and interest, and would provide coin to meet demands on the treasury for the redemption of its notes, thereby diminishing the amount of bonds needed for that purpose. All taxes after redemption begins should be paid in coin or United States notes. This would force redemption on the national banks. With measures like these, or measures which would work out such results, I see no danger in authorizing free banking without limit.

U. S. GRANT.

THE LIMITED LIABILITY ACT.

Among the best bills passed by the Legislature at its last session was that known as the "limited liability act," which, we are informed, has just been approved by the Governor. It authorizes any three or more persons to form "a partnership association for the purpose of conducting any lawful business or occupation within this Commonwealth," and provides that they shall not be liable for its debts beyond the amounts which they have individually subscribed. The word "limited" is required to be affixed to the titles of all partnership associations formed under this act, and must appear not only on the sign outside their places of business, but in all advertisements and other official publications of the same as well as in all bills of exchange, promissory notes, checks, receipts, &c., relating to them. Failure to have this word expressed whenever the name of a partnership association is used, renders every person participant in the omission liable for whatever indebtedness or damage may result.

Limited liability companies, which hitherto could only be organized in Pennsylvania when specially chartered and incorporated by the Legislature, may be formed under this excellent law without asking permission of anybody. It is simply necessary that the persons contemplating the formation of such an association should sign and acknowledge before some magistrate a statement, setting forth their names in full, the total amount of capital, the amount subscribed by each, the character and location of the business, the name of the association, its contemplated duration, and the names of the officers, who are to be chosen in a certain specified manner. This statement, and any amendments subsequently made to it, are to be filed of record in the office of the Recorder of Deeds.

A MAN KILLS HIS CHILD, FATALLY WOUNDS HIS WIFE AND COMMITS SUICIDE.

Jeffersonville, Ind., June 6.—John McDermott, a saloon keeper of this city, said to be under the influence of liquor most of the time, committed a horrible murder at six o'clock this evening. He has been in the habit of abusing his wife, who it is said was equally abusive to him. She left him and had applied for a divorce. The trial was set for Wednesday next. McDermott called at his mother in-law's residence where his wife was and asked her to come back and live with him which she agreed to do on Monday. He then left the house and returned in ten minutes with a large navy revolver and found Mrs. McDermott nursing her baby: He raised the weapon and deliberately fired at her, the ball striking the baby in the forehead, passing clear through its head and lodging in the right breast of its mother, producing probaby a fatal wound. He then placed the revolver to his head and blew his own brains out. The baby died instantly and little hopes are entertained for the recovery of its mother.

A heavy thunder storm just north of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., yesterday washed away several miles of the tracks of the Hudson River railroad and prostrated a number of telegraph poles. The damage to the road was quickly repaired and last night trains were running regularly.

SENATOR THURMAN INTERVIEWED.

"Hard Money is the only Currency that Defrauds no Man"—"the Hope of the Democratic Party Lies in Adherence to Democratic Principles."

[*Cincinnati Inquirer, May* 28.]

"What do you think is the cause of the present stagnation of business?"

"The causes are obvious enough to all who truly look for them. For some years past the country has been running into debt. Municipalities and corporations have been borrowing millions of money, and expending much of it unprofitably. In like manner individuals have been getting into debt and living extravagantly, many of them beyond their means. But such a course can not endure forever. Pay day is sure to come at last, and when it does come, there is first a panic, and then a general retrenchment of expenditures, which necessarily produces stagnation until a considerable portion of the indebtedness has been liquidated, when activity revives. The panic came last September, and governments, corporations and individuals began immediately to economize. You have seen how our Legislature at its late session retrenched expenditure and lessened taxation. Nearly every State Legislature has done likewise. Most of the counties, cities and towns have done the same. Congress is cutting down appropriations by millions. The railroad corporations, great and small, are in the same category. They buy fewer rails, locomotives, cars, etc, that formerly, and limit their expenses to the indispensable The great body of the people pursue the same course. They are economizing in order to get out of debt, or to bring their expenses within their means. They buy less than formerly, and generally nothing but what they actually need. The consequence of all this is that manufacturers, merchants, etc., sell less than for some years past, because the demand is less, for everybody is economizing. And hence many laborers who have found work in factories, shops, and on public improvements now find it more or less difficult to obtain steady employment. They of all others most deserve our sympathy, for it was not their errors, speculations, or fast living that produced the distress. But although the present circumstances are trying, the good result of the economy of which I have spoken will soon be felt. I am assured by well-informed business men that the liquidation of indebtedness is proceeding with unexampled rapidity. In a short time it will reach the point when stagnation ceases and activity begins to revive, and should we have good crops this year you will soon hear nothing about stagnant business."

"You don't believe, then, Judge, that the depression in business results from an insufficient supply of currency."

"Not at all. Why, we have $20,000,000 more currency now than we had in the flush times of which I have spoken. Don't you remember the picture of prosperity that Morton drew in the speech at Athens with which he opened the campaign last year? According to that speech, as well as I recollect it, there never was a country so prosperous as ours was then. Well, we have $20,000,000 more currency now than we had then. Why, then, are we not more prosperous now than we were then? The reason is plain. The prosperity of which Morton spoke was unreal. It was extravagance, speculation, and fast living. The panic pricked the bubble, and, like sensible men, the people began to retrench and live within their means.

"Judge," said I, "do you know that you have been called a 'contortionist?'"

"Yes," replied he, "by those who were ignorant of my course or meant to misrepresent me. The truth is, I have steadily opposed contraction ever since I have held a seat in the Senate. But I have also opposed inflation. Certain men hope to embark the Federal Government in all manner of schemes of internal improvement that could not fail, if undertaken and prosecuted, to double the public debt and immensely increase the burden of taxation, already too great, to say nothing of the corruption that would surely follow, and centralization of power in the Federal Government that would necessarily result. And then there are other men who favor inflation because they believe it would eventuate in repudiation. And then their are yet others who have their own particular axes to grind—men who are anxious to unload their unsalable lands, stocks, &c. There are doubtless very many good people who believe in inflation because they have been misled by the sophistries of the inflationists and the delusive cry of 'more money,' as if the wealth of the country could be added to by stamping bits of paper, or by the Government issuing more promises to pay and thereby increasing the public debt. Reflect a little, and you will discover that not one dollar can be added to the actual wealth of a country except by labor. The nominal value of property or labor may be increased by depreciating the currency, but the actual value is not enhanced one cent. And yet there are people who think, or at least pretend to think, that all we have to do to get rich is to set the printing-presses to work to strike off pictured shin-plasters."

"Do you know," asked the Judge, "how absurd it is for an inflationist to condemn me for voting against the bill that was vetoed? Morton and his followers meant by that bill to increase the currency, but they did not understand their own measure until after it had passed. Had it become a law and been executed in conformity to law its practical effect would have been to contract the circulation. Its immediate effect would have been to lock up within thirty days about $40,000,000 of the bank reserves that are now in circulation and I am censured by inflationists for voting against a measure like that. The truth is that it was the most blundering piece of legislation I have ever seen in my life. Had Grant signed it the inflationists would have been compelled, in order to counteract its effects, to pass another bill, and with the least possible delay. No doubt they would have done so, and thus in the end have accomplished their purpose. But the bill they did pass was from their stand point utterly absurd, and if not afterwards annulled would have done much mischief."

The Judge stopped speaking, and I said: "Well, Judge, you talk like an old-fashioned, hard-money Democrat." "And that is precisely what I am," replied he. "You remember," he continued, "that when we were much younger than we now are one of our State conventions adopted a brief resolution like this: 'Hard money is the only currency that defrauds no man.' I think those are very nearly, if not the exact words. Well, I drew that resolution because I believed it to be true. The Convention adopted it. It was the chief plank in the platform, and we carried the State. It was re-affirmed again and again by subsequent State conventions, and if you will look at the election returns I think you will find that we were generally successful when that was our chief plank, and last year we put a sound plank on this subject in our platform and we redeemed the State. The Democracy of New York adopted it and redeemed their State. This spring New Hampshire and Connecticut stood upon it and they are redeemed."

"What do you think of the prospects in Ohio this fall?"

"The hope of the Democratic party lies in adherence to Democratic principles. Whenever it wanders off after strange gods it incurs defeat, and it will ever be so. We have better material than we have had for many years with which to achive victory next fall, and if we lose the opportunity it will be by an abandonment of principles."

THE THIRTY-FOURTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

From information that is considered reliable, we learn that Hon. William A Wallace will not be a candidate for re-election. Such being the case, the many Democratic friends of D. W. Moore, Esq., of Clearfield, are urging that gentleman to let his name go before the Senatorial conference of that district. Without wishing to appear as dictating to the Democrats of that district, we are free to say that the election of Mr. M. to the State Senate would be hailed with pleasure by the Democratic party throughout the State. Mr. Moore is one of the old, reliable wheel-horses of the Democratic party of this Commonwealth, having for the last thirty seven years, through storm and sunshine, labored zealously for the success of Democratic men and Democratic principles, in the meantime his proverbial modesty preventing him from asking a nomination at the hands of his political friends.

Mr. Moore is a native of Centre county, Pa.; spent several years of his early youth in what is now Clinton county, several years as a journeyman printer in Mifflin, and in 1837 located in Clearfield, where he has resided ever since—having been the owner, either in whole or in part, of that old and well-established Democratic organ, the Republican for more than twenty-five years. Since then he was, for a short time connected with the Harrisburg Patriot and for the last four years and upwards, until recently, he was editor and proprietor of the Altoona Sun. To our mind few members of the party in the State are as deserving of recognition by the democrats as Mr. Moore, and it is with pleasure that we learn that his friends intend rewarding him for his faithful adherence to democratic measures.—*Altoona Sun.*

SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY

Was Austria really allied with France for the war of 1870, and was her failure to participate against Prussia a breach of actual pledges and engagements? Was it the same with Italy? There is good reason to believe that these queries must be answered in the affirmative, and if this affirmative shall be established historically it is evident that the fact must change very greatly the views that have hitherto been taken as to the error of the Emperor Napoleon in venturing a contest with his terribly capable antagonist. It may prove after all that he was "betrayed," and was not merely blind and fatuous. His "*On se a froid,*" will, perhaps, prove a diplomatic truth rather than the mere maundering of a broken down Intellect, as it has hitherto seemed.

In 1869 it was understood in Italy, in France and in Austria, that if the advance of Prussia was not soon decisively arrested it would reach a point at which its arrest would be impossible; and a treaty of alliance was entered into. Austria, in the words of a dispatch of Count Beust, "regarded the cause of France as her own," and Italy was satisfied on all points but that of the French occupation of Rome, which was therefore put aside from the negotiation. This understanding was revived anew by the Spanish candidacy, and went so far as to fix the point of a demand on Prussia and arrange a general plan of campaign. Prussia was to have been called upon to find herself to assent to the peace of Europe on the terms of the treaty of Prague and, of course, to execute that neglected compact. Austria was to put two hundred thousand men in the field by the 15th of September, and Italy was to place sixty thousand men in the field early in the summer, and forty thousand more by September. Denmark was to co-operate upon the appearance of the French fleet on the Danish coasts. Austria assented to the passage of Italian troops across her territory for an operation against Munich; and if we imagine all this in motion we may see that William and his Man of Iron would have had their hands full.

Bismark, no doubt, was thoroughly informed of the whole proceeding, and assured the success of the war for his master by first knocking down this diplomatic house of cards. Russia was regarded by the allies as certainly neutralized. Austria otherwise could not have gone in. So the Prince thoroughly frightened the great men at Vienna by the shadow of the Czar coming on behind the Prussians. That dropped the first pin out of the machinery. Then he adroitly played upon Italy's Roman grievances and another joint was weakened. Then, as neither Austria nor Italy were ready for early operations, all was to turn upon what the French should do on the Rhine, and it was obvious at Berlin that one month more would give the French at that point would end the war before the other allies were ready. Desperate endeavors were made, therefore, and Prussia, more nearly ready than any other Power, overwhelmed her enemies before the collected forces by the blows at Woerth and Wessenburg. So the alliance was broken up.

"We have reason to believe," wrote Von Buest to Prince Metternich, "that Russia adheres to her alliance with Prussia to the extent that in certain eventualities the intervention of the Russian armies must be regarded as not only probable but certain. * * * * *

Under these circumstances the word 'neutrality,' which we utter not without regret, is imposed upon us by an imperious necessity." It was the shadow of Russia, therefore, and those early Prussian victories that isolated France; but it removes something from the heavy load Napoleon has to bear to have it established that he did act in blind folly rush into a war with the Prussian colossus without provision for support. It is quite another accusation to say that the provision was inadequate.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TWO STEAMERS SUNK.

Over One Hundred Persons Lost.

New York, June 1.—The ship Portus from Italy for New York, sprung a leak and sunk in latitude north 26°, longitude west 40°. The Captain and crew took the boats. A boat containg Captain De Vries, John Wilson carpenter, Henry Brown sailmaker, and William Thompson, Peter Savage and Richard Schneck seamen were picked up by the schooner Clara. They had been out nineteen days and for three days had neither water or provisions. On their arrival at Staten Island, three of the men were sent to the hospital. Two other boats, commanded by the first and second Mates have not yet been heard from.

Another Disaster.

Melburne, June 1.—The ship, British Admiral, from Liverpool, for this port, went ashore on King's Island, in Bass strait and became a total wreck. She had on forty-five passengers, and a crew of thirty-eight persons, all of whom were lost except four passengers and five seamen.

H. H. WEISER & CO.,
Manufacturers of
Sheetiron & Tinware,
Millheim, Pa.
All kinds of Tinware, constantly on hand and made to order.
Sheetiron Ware of every description, always on hand.
Roofing in Tin and Sheetiron done in the most approved and satisfactory style.
Spouting done to order.
Their stock of Tin and Sheetiron Goods is large and complete, and offered at the **LOWEST PRICES.**
Their establishment has been enlarged and stocked completely throughout.
Satisfaction guartanteed, and all jobs promptly attended to. apr16-y

Keystone Store.
FOR FARMERS AND ALL OTHERS
Go to
H. YEARICK & SON,
FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.
CLOTHING, OIL CLOTHS,
QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, &c
No. 6 Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa.
All kinds of country produce taken. Best Bargains in town to be had. nov20tf

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.
Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Jas. C. Williams.
(Successor to B. F. Rankin & Co.)
DEALER IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.
PURE WINE & LIQUORS
for medicinal purposes.
SHOULDER BRACES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety
Also, Choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
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FURNITURE.
JOHN BRECHBILL,
in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.
Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.
CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,
and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of
WALL PAPER.
Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
25oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS
The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.
They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.
HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.
We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.
We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.
We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.
All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.
IN THE CONRAD HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
GEORGE O'BRYAN,
Dealer in
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS,
BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS, Parlor and Chamber Sets,
SOFAS, LOUNGES,
BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, WARDROBES, MATTRESSES, &c.
Particular Attention to Ordered Work.
REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.
UNDERTAKING,
In All Its Branches,
METALIC, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, AND COMMON CASKETS,
Always on Hand, and Funerals Attended With an Elegant Hearse. apötf.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY,
at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,
and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c. may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
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CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
STOVES.
SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS
which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.
SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.
This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,
CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.
Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.
LOWEST CASH PRICES!
☞ Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
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C. PECK'S New Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!
HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT
Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.
Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.
DRY GOODS and
Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.
which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of
NOTIONS:
A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.
HATS & CAPS,
A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.
CLOTHING,
Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.
BOOTS & SHOES,

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JUNE 11, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

NOTICE.—Candidates and friends of candidates will take notice, that all communications sent to the Reporter, recommending persons for office, must be paid for.

——The weather is very warm.

——Gen. W. H. Blair was chief marshall on the occasion of the Reserve's re-union, last Thursday.

——Two heads are better than one, and that's the reason our paper is called the Gazette and Bulletin.

That's true, when one head lacks the requisite amount of brains, another must be added, the fix our good Williamsport neighbor is in.

——A cotemporary accuses us of having published a lie. It must have been something we copied from it.—*Williamsport Bulletin.*

Why bless you, we never see you but what you have a Ly-coming.

——Thanks to our friend, E. L. Spangler, for copies of Illinois' papers.

——The Boalsburg Lutheran charge has secured a new pastor—Rev. Hartsock.

——Decoration day at Boalsburg, will long be remembered by the citizens of that beautiful village and neighborhood. The affair was solemn and imposing. About 500 people were in attendance to witness the decoration of soldiers' graves. Rev. Hartsock and Mr. Chr. Dale delivered addresses.

——Let Sam Forster, Ben Arney, Jac. Harpster, and young Spangler, of the Loop, be notified that squirrels cannot be killed before September 1st, and let all squirrels rejoice. Fellows who can't hit squirrels can shoot at them all the time.

——Daniel Shuey, of Oak Hall, a member of the 148th Reg., died on 2nd inst., from the effect of a wound received at the battle of Gettysburg on the side of the head, struck by a buckshot, which had remained there ever since.

LINDEN HALL, PA., June 4, '74.

MR. F. KURTZ—Dear Sir:—In your issue of last week, you stated the price of killing potato bugs to be 5 cents per hundred. I killed precisely that number on my patch to-day. Please remit me amount by early mail. Yours &c., D. H.

Heroic D. H.! join the Reserves—may you be pensioned by all ye grateful eaters of the succulent potato, and when you have shuffled this mortal coil, may your grave ever be decorated with its rich and fragrant blossoms. Go on in the good work, carry the war into Africa; drive out the impudent invader, and for the present accept our check, worded as follows:

CENTRE HALL, June 5, 1874.

POTTERS' BANK.

Pay D. H., or order FIVE CENTS, slaughtering 100 potato bugs, to date.

FRED. KURTZ.

N. B.—As our deposits in the above bank are unlimited, whoever wishes to engage in the good warfare, upon potato bugs—or political humbugs—will find our check ready at above rates.

——One of the memorials at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Reserves, at Bellefonte, was the flag of the Buck Tail Regiment. Stained with humain blood, which it received on the bloody field of Gettysburg.

——The Colorado potato bugs appear in myriads in our town and vicinity. Thus giving our potato crop a poor show this season. To destroy this destructive insect, take a mixture of Paris green and plaster, and sprinkle it on the plants. Be careful to prevent inhalation, as it is poisonous.

——An Aaronsburg correspondent writes us the following relative to coal down there:

MR. EDITOR:—It has been rumored, for the last 50 years, of coal existing on the farm of John Haines, 3½ miles east of this place. But no test was made or money spent to develope it, until last fall, when C. W. Burd learned of it, went there, examined and found an out-cropping of anthracite coal, and a fine formation in locality and rock. He was sharp enough to secure a lease of the land referred to. All doubters can see specimens by calling at Mr. Haines' residence or with C. W. Burd, at Aaronsburg.

——The Reporter office was treated to a serenade, by the Rebersburg Brass Band, on last Friday. The manner in which this band discourses music, is very creditable. The Band also played in front of the residences of S. S. Wolf and Wm. Wolf, and gave several pieces for the edification of the town in general, for which they departed with many thanks and good wishes. The members of the band are: George Kreamer, leader, 14 years old, Henry Kreamer, Harvey Miller, John Kreamer, George Hubler, Philip Woodly, Isaac Kunney, David Yoder, T. Gramley, W. Miller, J. S. Hasel, J. A. Hasel, and J. B. Hasel.

——Chas. Smith, Bush's Arcade, keeps one of the neatest and cleanest restaurants in Bellefonte. Give Charley a call.

——By reference to our matrimonial notices, it will be seen, that Cal. Bower, has gained his most important case in courting.

——A subscriber of the Reporter, in Benner twp., requests us to publish the law on trespass. On p. 687, sec. 2. Purdon, it reads thus:

Any person or persons who shall willfully enter or break down, through or over any orchard, garden or yard-fence, hot-bed or green-house; or shall wrongfully club, stone, cut, break, bark or otherwise mutilate or damage any nut, fruit or ornamental tree, shrub, bush, plant or vine, trellis, arbor, hotbed, hot or green-house; or who shall willfully trespass upon, walk over, beat down, trample or in anywise injure any grain, grass, vines, vegetables or other growing crop; shall and may, on conviction thereof before any alderman or justice of the peace, or in any court of law in said counties, have judgment against him, her, or them, in a sum not less than five, nor more than one hundred dollars, with costs of suit; one-half the damage or penalty to go to the use of the informer, the other half of the damage or penalty to the occupant or owner of the premises on which said trespass shall or may be committed; and in default of payment of said fine or judgment with costs of suit, the party convicted may and shall be committed to the jail of said county, for not less than twenty, nor more than sixty days; said complaint or action to be in the name of the commonwealth, and the testimony of the owner or occupant of the premises shall be admitted as evidence to prove the trespass and damage sustained: *Provided*, That when the owner of the premises shall become the informant then one-half of the penalty shall be appropriated to the school fund of the district in which the trespass was committed.

Again, the 21st section of the fish law:

Any person trespassing on any lands for the purpose of taking fish from any private pond, stream or spring, after public notice on the part of the owner or occupant thereof, such notice being posted adjacent to such pond, stream or spring, shall be deemed guilty of trespass, and, in addition to damages recoverable by law, shall be liable to the owner, lessee or occupant in a penalty of one hundred dollars for every such offence

In explanation of this the legislature, passed an act, approved May 15, last, that the above shall be contrued to apply only to such ponds, streams or springs as shall be used or improved by the owners or lessees for the prepogation of fish or game fish.

☞ POLAND CHINA PIGS, the best breed known, are offered for sale by JOHN RIBEL, of Centre Hill, at $8 to $12 per pair, from different litters, and single Poland Chinas at $5 to $7. These prices to stand if pigs are bought within a reasonable time, otherwise there will be an advance corresponding with age. 14 may. 3t.

——It is unlawful to catch trout with a loop.

——Several candidates for Assembly are announced in another column.

——Lawsuit about an auger at Boalsburg—what a bore it must be.

——Scarlet fever is raging among the children of Bellefonte. Several deaths have occurred.

——ALL RIGHT AGAIN.—The rebellion which had broken out on the Low Grade Railroad, and which resulted in the stopping of all trains on that road last week, was finally compromised on Saturday and the trains commenced making regular trips on Monday. The officers of the Allegheny Valley road settled with and paid nearly all their employees, or made satisfactory arrangements for doing so at an early day.

——THREE AT ONCE.—We learn that Mrs. Silas Stugarts, of Woodward township, gave birth to triplets on Thursday, 28th, ult.,—two boys and one girl, the smallest one weighing seven pounds. All are doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. It is very evident on every hand, notwithstanding the tightness of the times, that the population of our county is greatly on the increase.

——A LIGHTNING ROD CASE—*Another Warning.*—At the present term of court there was tried the case of Battles & Webster against John A. Miller. In the summer of 1871, a company of men passed through this section of country vending and putting up lightning rods; also, representing themselves to be agents of an Electrical Insurance Company. They represented to our farmers that by giving a note they would be required to pay the interst on it for the term of five years, then have it returned—paying only that amount for the insurance and the lightning rods thrown in. They succeeded in procuring from Mr. Miller and others negotiable notes. These notes were endorsed by the payee and carried to Girard, Penn'a, where they were sold to a Banking House conducted by the plaintiffs. They, the plaintiffs, supposing the notes to have been fairly obtained, paid about eighty cents on the dollar for them. His Honor, Judge Orvis, held upon this showing that the notes being negotiable and having passed into the hands of innocent holders must be paid by the makers—that when one of two innocent persons must suffer it must be him who sets in motion the instrument by which the injury was accomplished. This, no doubt, is a proper exposition of the law, and this case is a warning to our people to patronize home men and home institutions whose reputations have become established, and to shun all traveling speculators.—*Clinton Dem.*

For the Reporter.

PENN HALL SQUIBS.

The much dreaded potato bug, is making havoc among the garden vegetables. A war of extermination is being carried on, and thousands of them are indiscriminately slaughtered by enraged females.

The Sunday School Convention, closed its labors on Wednesday evening. The attendance during the entire session was good, and a lively interest was manifested throughout. Unionville, was unanimously agreed upon as the place to hold the next convention."

Jewhillikens and Tom Walker! what a galaxy of names adorn the list of candidates. Who'll be next to offer himself as a willing sacrifice upon the political alter of his country? Trot out upon the course gentlemen, and show your colors; but in the meanwhile, remember that Scriptural injunction which says, "one shall be taken and the *others* left."

10 S. C. in his last report, with a grace and dignity becoming an ordinary mortal, expresses his most profound thanks for the interest we took in his behalf. We are so overcome with genuine emotion, that we cannot find language adequate to express our thoughts. It was through inadvertance that we called him "Dave," and ever since, we have had a chunk of remorse as big as an apple dumpling sticking in our gizzard, for our inexcusable thoughtlessness.

A fellow hailing from Woodward, came to this place on Saturday evening, for the purpose of seeing his affinity, and as he came quite a distance, it is natural to suppose that he came in a buggy. From what has already been said, the conclusion would be that he also went back in a buggy, but he didn't. During the night some candidates for the penitentiary, thought to have some fun by taking the buggy and loading it on top of a wagon standing in a neighbor's barn-yard, and sending the horse home. The plan succeeded, and on Monday morning the fellow in question, boarded the stage for Woodward; but the innocent smile that played on his countenance on Saturday evening had vanished, and vengence was depicted instead. We will furnish obituary notices growing out of this unpleasantness whenever a victim it sacrificed. E. S.

For the Reporter.

Last Saturday after-noon, June 6, State Deputy Leonard Rhone organized another grange of the Patrons of Husbandry in his county. The organization being made at the school house near B. Waddle in Patton township. The name fixed upon is "Excelsior". The following are the officers: Master, G. W. Gray; Overseer, T. E. Sellers; Lecturer, D. F. Meek; Chaplain, John H. Biddle; Steward, G. W. F. Gray; Asst. Steward, P. D Sellers; Treasurer, W. I. Furst; Secretary, G. G. Pottsgrove; Gate Keeper, T. A. Hartstock; Ceres, Susan Musser; Pomona, Sallie C. Gray; Flora, Mary Waddle; Stewardess, H. A. H. Gray; Trustees, R. C. Neill, W. A. Frust and John Musser.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE.—The following is one of the acts passed by the Legislature:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That it shall be lawful for the district attorney of any county in this commonwealth, with the approval of the court of quarter sessions of the proper county, whenever said court and district attorney may deem it necessary to appoint an officer as a special detective, whose duty it shall be to assist in obtaining such evidence as shall be directed by the district attorney for the commonwealth in all criminal cases, as the court may direct.

SEC. 2. Such detective officer shall have all the power of a duly qualified constable, and shall hold his appointment during the pleasure of the court appointing him, not longer, however, than the term of the district attorney, on whose recommendation he was appointed.

SEC. 3. The said detective officer shall receive for his services such compensation as shall be approved by the court appointing him. This court shall order warrants for such compensation to be drawn by the clerk of the court on the county treasurer, who shall pay the same.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

According to a Reuter's telegram, 134,200 persons are employed on the relief works, 200,000 are receiving charitable relief, and 450,000 are supported by advances or sales of grain. Piece work is being gradually enforced for able-bodied individuals. The condition of the people generally is better than in February, in consequence of the active measures of relief. Severe distress, however, occasionally breaks out, requiring constant vigilance on the part of the authorities, upon whom the natives generally depend to remedy all deficiencies. The rain-fall has been generally beneficial in North Behar, although insufficient to allay native anxieties respecting the next crop. Three hundred thousands tons of grain have been carried to the north from the banks of the Ganges; 50,000 now remain to be conveyed. Village inspection and relief are completely organized in the worst districts and are being extended where required.

The high tide of abolitionism is past. The House of Representatives at Washington has passed a bill declaring that no person shall be allowed to serve as a juror in the United States courts who cannot read and write the English language.

——Mr. Ferney, in the Press of Monday, writes as follows of his trip to Pennsylvania:

The visitor to Bellefonte will be fortunate if he has an opportunity to see the far-famed Penn's Valley, distant some seven miles. I had frequently heard of this spot, but never fully realized its unparalleled beauty until I saw it in company with Governor Curtin, Hon. Eli Slifer, and several other friends, on Friday. What it must have been when General Potter first saw it one hundred and five years ago, we may well realize when it is related that he exclaimed, "This is indeed the Garden of Eden," and there established his home and laid out the great estate with which his family was so long identified. To-day it is spread out before the observer a surprising sight, checkered with farms and cottages, stretching for miles and miles as far as the eye can reach, a scene of such dazzling magnificence as can nowhere think, be paralleled in Pennsylvania. It a broader and finer outlook than the great Chester Valley; and if it had not been cultivated from the lowest to the highest point it would resemble one of those natural parks or savannas occasionally seen in Texas from a lofty eminence, and not unusual in the Territory of Colorado. If travelers could see this Penn's Valley as I have seen it, its reputation would soon be like that of the Yosemite or the White Mountains, or Glenn's Falls, or any of our fashionable summer resorts. All that is needed is a railroad to bring it into speculation, and this is soon to be finished, beginning at Lewisburg, and forming a connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

We copy also from the same:

Bellefonte has many remarkable facilities. Its society is of the best, and the memories surrounding it are exceedingly interesting. General James Potter, a brigadier general under General Washington, was in his day the owner of a great portion of Penn's Valley. Governor Curtin's grandfather, the great statesman, Andrew Gregg who was Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governor Holster, for sixteen years a Representative in Congress and subsequently a senator of the United States, was a leader in the early developement of this whole country. General Philip Benner was another Centre county pioneer; Charles Huston, Justice of the Supreme Court; Thomas Burnside, another illustrious member of the same tribunal; his son, Colonel James Burnside; Dr. Samuel Strekecker; the recently deceased Professor Hugh J. McAllister—these and many more of the same class are indications of the culture of the population of the present day.

I met many old friends, men with whom I had been associated in other days. Among these let me name Hon. James McManus, long the honest Democratic Representative from Centre county, in the Legislature; S. T. Shugert, Esq., who, during his official stay in Washington, was the intimate of many of the prominent men of both parties; General Blair, the chief marshal of the procession, well remembered for his bravery in the war and his independence as a Legislator. Time has changed them somewhat. They were older than they were twenty years ago, but they greeted me as cordially as if differences of opinion had not arisen between us.

——Joseph Snook, living near Locke's Mills, was attacked a week ago by a huge black snake, in a mountain field. The snake came gliding close to him, and rearing itself up to his chin, he struck it with his hand. He then made for a stick, and the snake, somewhat intimidated by the blow it had already received, crawled into a brush fence, but only to renew the attack. Mr. Snook called the dogs from the house, and the snake attacked both of them the large dog running away, but the smallone caught hold of it by the tail, when the other returned and took it near the head, tugging away until they tore it in to two. It was about eight feet long.—*Gazette.*

——The estate of Col. Philips, deceased, is considered worth nothing. Previous to his death he was President of the Allegheny Valley Railroad and supposed to be worth two millions dollars.

——Williamspert had another lumber fire last week. Nearly $400,000 worth of lumber was destroyed in the yard of Garet Tinsman. The barn attached to the Dickinson Seminary was also burned, together with a horse and spring wagon. All the work of incendiaries.

——At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Penn'a Railroad Company, in Philadelphia, on 3rd inst., Col. Thos. A. Scott was elected President. Geo. B. Roberts was promoted to the first Vice President.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

Ex-Sheriff Musser was almost crowded with guests on Monday and Wednesday of last week. Mr. Musser always has a good custom, but at that time it was extra good, and just what he likes for he looks so pleasant when thronged.

The Millheim tan yards are in a somewhat slow condition. It would be a great inducement if they were both worked more extensively, it would be of more interest to the owners and at the same time bring business into ye little Millheim.

On Wednesday 3rd, Sheriff Shafer sold the hardware store in Millheim to Messrs. McManigal and Brown, of Mifflin Co., who will carry on a very extensive business at the old stand under the above named firm.

Some unhung scoundrel was lucky enough to gain an entrance into the smoke house of Mr. David Fiedler, one night last week, and taking therefrom six large hams without being molested in the least. Mr. Fiedler would say (for information) they shall not call on him the second time as his hams are just about *ousgaspielt*.

Since we wrote the article relative to Mr. David Fiedler's meat, we are informed, that he caught a fish in Penn's Creek, that weighed almost as heavy as one of his hams. According to the report it must have been an old screamer of a fish and one of the kind that are not plenty in old Penn's Creek.

Mr. Jas. Van Ormer has just returned from Ohio, where he had been engaged in selecting an outfit for Mr. Campbell's new mill, which is to go into operation some time in July. Van speaks very highly of Ohio, and says he would like to live there. 10 S. C.

THE VILLAGE OF TAMPICO, ILL., COMPLETELY WRECKED.

Tampico, Whiteside county, Ill., June 7.—A terrible tornado passed over the village last night, making a complete wreck of it. No lives were lost, although many persons were injured—several seriously. Twenty-one dwellings were totally destroyed, and every house more or less damaged. Two elevators, one containing 12,000 bushels of grain and another 500 bushels, were demolished. The depot of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad was badly damaged.

In the act making Decoration day a legal holiday, a proviso states that it shall in no wise interfere with the usual proceedings in reference to maturing paper at bank. The Philadelphia Ledger says this takes from the enactment the character of a legal holiday. Making this day a legal holiday, was at best but a piece of legal folly. The Legislature has no right to make holidays of any kind. In a free country every man has a right to keep holiday whenever he pleases, and the attempt to compel people to keep holidays is an arbitrary exercise of power unwarranted by the constitution or by common sense.

Better than farming. Last year the National Secretary of the Grangers, at Washington, received nearly seven thousand dollars for salary and arrears, besides other prequisites.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

An Insane Woman Kills her Three Children and Attempts the Life of her Husband.

New York, June 2.—Soon after the family of Michael Dwyer, of No. 35 North Eight street, Brooklyn, and consisting of himself, wife and children, aged seven, four and two years, arose this morning, the wife stepped behind her husband and struck him on the head with a cooper's adze. He wrested the weapon from her and ran to the station house to have his wounds dressed. Officers were sent to secure the woman, and on arriving at the residence, found the children lying on the floor dead, their heads beaten to a jelly with a flat-iron.

Michael Dwyer, the husband of the murderess, is a cooper, who has been on a strike with his Union for about six or seven weeks. The deprivations this necessitated in the family were the cause of numerous contentions between the husband and wife, and it is believed that in the end it resulted in overturning her mind. The woman was in an lunatic asylum about a year ago, but when she was released it was thought she was completely cured. Dwyer would doubtles have returned to work had he not feared the Union.

The Scene

in the room after the tragedy beggars description. The murdered children were lying side by side, the blood and brains slowly exuding from their skulls; the bed clothes were soaked and heavy with the sickening stain. The body of little Tim, the baby, was not so badly mangled as were the bodies of the older children. From the terrible wounds found on Maggie's face and skull, it is evident that the mother must have pounded the child's head with the flat-iron for several minutes. Jemmy, the four-year old boy, is also horribly mutilated.

Interview with the Murderess.

Mrs. Dwyer expresses no remorse and says the children are better dead than alive. In answer to questions at the station house she says: "I am a murderess; I have defied law, but my little ones, thank God, are in heaven. I have often felt like killing myself and I knew that if I went first and left them behind me they would never reach heaven. You see, sir, my husband wouldn't go to work. I warned him to go and yet he persisted and my brain is not quite right sometimes and that's the way it happened. I took the lives of my children. It was for their soul's sake.

Sickening Details.

First, I killed the baby, my little Tim. He was one year and nine months old. The reason I took the baby first was because he was lying nearest to me. He made some noise. I think he cried quite hard but it didn't last long. I hit Maggie second. She woke up and said 'mamma.' I said, "it's me Maggie." Then I put her out of her trouble. Maggie was a good girl and let me many times when I was wicked go to heaven. Once I asked her whether she would feel bad if I should drown her in the river. She said no, for she should go to heaven. Then I took Jemmy. He woke up and moaned, so I turned him over to let the blood run out and struck him a quarter after having heard Maggie. It is hardly possible that the husband will survive his injuries.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

New York, June 8.—A letter from Rome, Speaking of the Vatican, says: A curious fact to make record of is that one frequently hears the United States praised for its liberal treatment of the Catholics, both now and, with a few exceptions, in the whole course of its history. The only serious offense charged against the United States is that we will still persist in maintaining those dreadful public schools, which makes it less and less hopeful for the Jesuits to find in that vast country ground for the propagation of the doctrines of syllabus and Papal infallibility. The priests say that what the Catholic Church has lost in Europe in the past two centuries has been more than made up by what it has gained in the New World. The first steps have been taken, and before long the beatification will be bestowed by the Church upon the name of Christopher Columbus. An examination of his title to the Catholic heroism has for some time, by command of the Pope, engaged the attention of the doctors of canon law. The claim is founded upon the great act—little less than that of usurpation—by which Christopher enlarged the boundaries of he Christian world.

A FIGHT WITH A BURGLAR.

A Midnight Struggle in a Pennsylvania Farm House.

Milton, Pa., June 3.—Farmer Samuel Bond lives with his family eight miles from here. On Saturday night last he awoke in the middle of the night and saw a burglar in his room. He jumped from bed and grasped him in the struggle which ensued. The whiskers, a long pair, were false, and came off in the farmer's hand. The burglar struck Mr. Bond in the face, but he did not release his hold. His wife responded to his call for help. The burglar, unable to release himself, started for the head of the stairs, dragging the farmer with him. Mrs. Bond seized the burglar by one leg. He knocked her down. She jumped up and seized him again, while her husband showered blows on his face. Reaching the head of the stairs, both the farmer and the burglar rolled to the bottom. The noise made by the struggling men aroused Mr. and Mrs. Bond's who joined his father and mother in their attack on the burglar. At this the juncture the burglar drew a pistol, and would have shot the farmer dead, had not Mrs. Bond, seeing the movement, punched the pistol to one side. The ball took effect in the groin of her son.

The burglar fired again, hitting Mr. Bond in the right arm, near the elbow. The farmer's wife seized hold of the pistol, while her son ran out and got a club. The weapon was discharged twice while Mrs. Bond held the barrel, but doing no damage. Young Bond struck him a blow. The pistol dropped to the floor. Mrs. Bond picked it up with the intention of shooting the burglar. But before she could use it her son had knocked him senseless to the floor with two heavy blows on the head.

Mrs. Bond attended temporarily to the wants of her husband and son. She then bound the senseless burglar so that he could not escape if he came to. Mounting a horse, she started us fast as it could carry her for this place. Arriving here she aroused Dr. Billings and Constable Watts and started them both for her house. In an hour and a quarter after having bound the burglar back there, and was soon followed by the doctor and the constable. Mr. Bond and his son were found to be suffering severely from their wounds, but their injuries were pronounced not dangerous. The ball was extracted from young Bond's wound with little difficulty.

The burglar was found dangerously injured. The fall down the stairs had broken three of his ribs. The blows from the club, besides breaking his right arm, had fractured his skull in two places.

The Burglar's Story.

He was one of a gang of three professional burglars from Philadelphia. His name is Fitch. His associates, he says, were Jake Schell and Wilson Fry. They travelled through the country disguised as umbrella menders and peddlers. Their plan of operations was to enter a town and "work" it thoroughly. They always got information of places where good hauls could be made. In Milton they decided to say that farmer Bond had received a day or two before the attempted burglary a large sum of money, the proceeds of a sale of cattle. They determined to make an effort to obtain it. From various parties they received a good idea of the interior of the house, the habits of the inmates, &c. Fry unlocked the front door with a false key. Myers was to search the upper part of the house, while his companions were to take the lower part. When the noise up stairs warned the latter that Myers was discovered they fled, leaving him in the lurch. Myers said it was his intention to kill all three of the Bonds at the foot of the stairs, and he would have done so but for the young man knocking him down with the club. On Myers' person was found a pocketbook belonging to Mr. Bond, containing $500. This had been taken from his pantaloons before the burglar was discovered.

The Prisoner Rescued.

Dr. Billings deciding that it would be fatal to Myers to take him to jail, the constable concluded to leave a man to guard and attend him until he could be removed. A man named Fitch was given charge of the wounded burglar. On Monday night he was aroused from a nap by a knock at the door. He opened the door. A man standing near him said to Fitch that the constable wanted to see him out by a wagon. A wagon stood a few feet from the door. Fitch stepped out, and when he reached the vehicle he was knocked down by some one standing by the front wheel. When he came to consciousness the wagon was gone. He was gagged and lying on the ground. Dragging himself into the house he was astonished to see that the wounded burglar and a portion of the bed were gone. It was very plain that the companions of Myers were informed in some way of his condition, and had planned his rescue in the manner stated. Fitch made haste to inform the constable at this place of the escape of the prisoner. About daylight yesterday morning several persons started in pursuit, but had not at last accounts found any trace of the flying burglars.

LOUISIANA.

The Suffering in the Overflowed District Unabated.

New Orleans, June 8.—Gov. Kellogg today sent the following message to Gen Belknap, Secretary of War:

The relief committee report that suffering from the overflow remains unabated in Atchofolega, Lataurche and Anachita valleys though there is some abatement on the banks of the Miss. The committee are issuing fully forty thousand rations daily, and in some districts are compelled to restrict their relief to women and children, even where work is not obtainable for the able bodied. If the general government would order the issue of twenty thousand daily rations from the first appropriation it would avert much suffering.

And for the Sufferers.

Philadelphia, June 8.—The Grand Lodge of Masons contributed $1,000 for the relief of the Louisiana sufferers.

ENGLAND DEMANDS COMPENSATION FOR THE CUBAN MASSACRE.

London, May 29.—The correspondence of the British Foreign Office arising out of the capture of the Virginius and the subsequent executions at Santiago de Cuba is officially published. It contains a despatch of so late a date as May 7, 1874, sent by the Earl of Derby to Mr. Layard, the British Minister at Madrid, in which the former says: "In view of the grave difficulties of the Government of Spain Her Majesty's Government has hitherto been unwilling to press for an answer to its demand for an acknowledgment of the wrong done, and for compensation to the relatives of the victims who were subjects of Great Britain. We now trust that there will be no further delay on the part of the Spanish Government."

EDGAR THOMPSON'S WILL.

Philadelphia, June, 2.—The will of the late John Edgar Thompson will be admitted to probate in the course of a few days. It is generally understood that the instrument contains a provision that after the death of Mrs. Thompson the estate is to be disposed of for the purpose of erecting and maintaining an institution in which the children of employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad killed in the discharge of their duty may have a home.

GREAT STORM AT UTICA, N. Y.

Utica, N. Y., June 7.—It is reported that twenty persons were drowned while sailing on Oneida Lake to-day, and seven persons on Onondago Lake. One of the most terrible thunder storms ever known in this State has prevailed here to-day. The telegraph wires are down between here and Syracuse.

The Governor has signed the Union county hunter's bill and it is therefore now a law and will allow the hunting of deer with dogs hereafter as is done in Centre and Clinton counties.

THE OREGON ELECTION.

Representative Nesmith has received a telegram, dated June 4, saying that Grover, for governor, Ludlow, for congress, and the entire democratic ticket is elected by nearly a thousand majority.

Washington Excursionists.

Correspondence of Reporter.

MILLERSVILLE Pa., June 4, 1874.

On last Thursday May 28th, a grand excursion to Washington was made by many of the Lancaster county folks. The excursion was under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A. of Lancaster; the committee made the necessary arrangements to accommodate the many tourists in this delightful trip. It appeared that every body wanted to see the much spoken of city; and about twelve hundred tickets were sold in a few days time. This gave the Normal students a desire to enjoy the trip, and at night a large number of us started for Lancaster where we met a large crowd waiting for the train. At half past four we left the depot in a train of seventeen cars and moved rapidly toward Columbia where the merry crowd was greatly increased as it was necessary to add six more cars, thus numbering twenty three. The scenery along the road was beautiful; the hills and valleys decked with green grass were magnificent to behold as we rushed along. As we were viewing the different works of nature and art as we passed them, when suddenly the train rushed into the tunnel under Baltimore which is one and a half miles long. After arriving at Washington we visited the following places of interest: first the White House where the President received every one and shook hands with them. After taking a full view of this mansion we visited the Navy, New State Department, Art Gallery, Patent Office, Smithsonian Institute, the Capitol &c. All these places presented many things of interest; but the Capitol was the centre of our attention; and we hastened there in order to have a proper length of time to see many wonderful things in it. The building is constructed of marble and covers three and a half acres of ground. The dome is 300 feet above the foundation and from it we can see for many miles. The Senate was in session; and we had the pleasure of listening to the able speakers, who were debating the woman question. The time to return having arrived, we started for the depot. The return trip was very delightful as it was a nice moonlight night. Thus the day was spent, and can say very beneficially. D. J. M.

Assembly.

We are authorized to announce the name of Dr. Peter Smith, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of James Van Ormer, of Millheim, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Ezra Brittan, of Potter twp, dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment of the same, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated by law.

JOHN WOLF, Adm'r

jun11-6t

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will hear appeals from assessments of 1874 for the different townships and boroughs in said county, on the following days, at the places for holding elections in townships and boroughs, to wit:

Patton twp Tuesday, June 16.
Half Moon twp. Wednesday June 17.
Ferguson twp Thursday, June 18.
Harris twp Friday, June 19.
Potter twp Saturday, June 20.
Gregg twp Monday, June 22
Penn twp Tuesday June 23.
Haines twp Wednesday June 24.
Miles twp Thursday, June 25.
Walker twp Friday, June 26.
Marion twp Monday, June 29
Liberty twp Tuesday, June 30
Curtin twp Wednesday, July 1.
Howard twp and Howard boro' Thursday July 2
Boggs twp Friday, July 3
Milesburg boro' Monday, July 6.
Unionville and Union twp Tuesday July 7th.
Huston twp Wednesday, July 8.
Worth twp Thursday, July 9.
Taylor twp Friday, July 10
Spring twp Saturday, July 11
Snow Shoe twp Tuesday, July 14
Burnside twp Wednesday, July 15
Philipsburg and Rush twp Friday July 17th.
Bellefonte boro' Monday and Tuesday, July 20 and 21st.
Benner twp Wednesday July 22.

By order of the Board of Commissioners.
jun4-6t. R. H. FORSTER, Clerk.

An Augustus stonecutter has recently finished a headstone on which is carved:

Stranger, pause and shed a tear,
For I was very beautiful;
But sickness came; I had to die;
And have gone to play with the angels

DEATHS.

On 4th, near Potters Mills, Ezra Brittan aged about 60 years.

On 21st ult., at Madisonburg, Mary M. wife of John Roush, aged 60 years, 2 months and 1 day.

At Aaronsburg, on 6th inst., Mrs. Margaret Stover, relict of Henry, aged 85 years, 10 months and 6 days.

On 31 ult., at Pine Grove Mills, Mr. George Musser, aged 67 years.

MARRIAGES.

In the Reformed church, at Rebersburg, on 9th Mr. C. M. Bower, of Bellefonte (formerly of Haines twp.,) and Miss Ellen, daughter of John Meyer, of Miles.

MARKETS.

New York, June 8.—Flour heavy; superfine Western and State $4 65@5 25; common to good $5 95@6 30; good to choice $6 25@6 50. Wheat heavy and lower; No 2 spring $1 42@1 43; No 2 Northwest $1 43; No 1 and 2 Duluth $1 48. Rye dull at $1 04@109 Barley nominal. Corn scarce and higher, new and old mixed western 70@82½c; western yellow 83@83½c. Oats heavy and lower; mixed western 62@63c; white 67@69c. Hay firm at $1 15. Coffee more active and firm. Sugar firm. Molasses and rice quiet. Eggs firm at 14@16c. Pork heavy at $17 90. Lard heavy at 11¼. But 20@27c.

Chicago, June 8.—Flour dull and nominal. Wheat steady and in moderate demand: No 1 spring lower $1 20@1 21; No 2 $1 19½ cash or seller June; $1 17¼ seller July; No 3, $1 14; rejected $1 06. Corn—demand active and prices advanced. No 2 mixed 68½c cash; 58c seller June; high mixed 58½; rejected 53@c 54. Oats dull and lower; No 2 45c cash; 42½c seller July. Rye dull and lower; No 1 85c. Barley dull and nominal; No 1 $1 29.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1.35 Red 130....Rye..... 70.....Corn 70 ....Oats 40.....Barley 80.... 70.....Clover seed 4,50 .....Potatoes 80 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retails, 50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1.30....Red wheat 125 ....Rye 60.....Corn 50 .....Oats 35 .....Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack.....

Bacon 75.....Ham 15..... Butter 20... Eggs 20.....Plaster 5 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $6.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $6.50.....Limeburner's Coal per Ton $3.50

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John P. Ross, late of Greg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

MARY A. ROSS,
ROBT. COMMINGS,
June 4 6t. Executors.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have purchased the stock and effects of T. F. Sallada, living at Centre Mills, Mifflin county, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and all persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner whatever. M. J. DECK FER.
Potters Mills.
JOHN SALLADA,
Clinton county.
my28-3t.

IN the Orphans' Court of Centre county. The matter of the estate of John Reesman, dec'd. The undersigned appointed an auditor by the Orphans' Court of Centre county, to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the administration account in the estate of John Reesman, dec'd and make report thereof at next term of Court, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Tuesday, June 23d 1874, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

D. F. FORTNEY,
my28-3t Auditor.

IN the Orphans' Court of Centre county. The matter of the estate of Wm. Eckart, dec'd. The undersigned an auditor appointed by the said Orphans' Court to make distribution of the money in the hands of the administrator to and among those legally entitled thereto and make report thereof at next court, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, 30th day of June, 1874, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where all parties having claims are required to present them before the Auditor or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund. D. F. FORTNEY,
my28-3t Auditor.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufactures Cement WARRANTED OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the C. & A. & C. RR. and has found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufavtured for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable This Cement has already been tested and well tried and found the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that he warrants the article as represented.

may 21 tf J. G. MEYER,
Aaronsburg, Pa.

Lime & Cement.

The best quality of lime, always on hand at the Centre Hall lime-kilns. Also cement, which is warranted to be of a superior quality. Apply to

GEO. KOCH.

ALL KINDS OF

Factory Goods

constantly on hand and offered in exchange for Wool. These goods are of the very best and manufactured by A. F. Gibbnay, at Greenwood, and consist of CARPETS, BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, Sattinetts, Tweeds, Stocking Yarn, and all other goods generally manufactured.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Agent,
may7 3m. Potters Mills, Pa

CENTRE HALL

Furniture Rooms!

KRUMBINE & GROSSMAN,

respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that they have bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and have reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision,

Farm Garden and Household.

Notes of the Farm.

If the ewe will not suckle the lamb, or if she has not the milk, instead of feeding with a spoon take the lamb to a milch cow and let the lamb suckle her, aiding the lamb if necessary by squeezing the teat. This is an easier and surer way than hand-nursing the lambs.

Sulphur fed once a week to cattle, mixed with salt or meal, or both, will keep off and help to expel lice. There is no kind of live stock that small quantities of sulphur occasionally will not benefit.

It takes eleven pounds of milk to add one pound of live weight to a calf; and an ox that weighs one thousand three hundred pounds will consume twenty-two pounds of hay in twenty-four hours to keep from losing weight. If he is to fatten, he must have just twice that quantity, when he will gain two pounds a day. This is one pound live weight to eleven pounds good hay. To obtain fifty cents a hundred for his hay, a farmer must sell fat steers at five dollars and fifty cents per hundred pounds.

The Hon. John P. Reynolds, State agent of Illinois, estimates the number of elevators owned and operated by the Grange at eighty; the saving secured is believed to be ten to fifteen per cent.

It is mentioned that when cattle, in being driven to market, have been kindly cared for and fed and watered, they have actually gained weight upon the road. On the contrary, when they were kept thirty-eight hours without food or water, it required ten days' feeding to bring them up to their original weight.

Do not insist on your hedges taking care of themselves. As soon as the soil is sufficiently dry to work nicely, harrow each side of the hedge row thoroughly, and give the soil a liberal dressing of compost; and above all clean out every weed you can find. Do not be mean in this particular, for if you did but know it, this is actually putting money in your pocket, by saving the cost of fencing material. The man who cannot afford to attend to the requirements of an ornamental hedge as well, is too poor to have one, and he should never plant it.

One of the wonders of the recent fat cattle show in Paris was a white Nevernais ox, 11 feet 9 inches in length. This, however, was only a moderately respectable animal compared with a Texan steer exhibited at the Union Stock-yards in Chicago, and which was above 20 feet long, all over. It is true there was seven feet of horn and seven of tail, but of course these members are included in the aggregate, or should be.

A very prolific Short-horn cow of Sir Charles Knightly's herd, now in her 17th year, has bred regularly since she was 30 months old, and produced twin calves on the 12th of February last. She has more than enough milk for both, is still very healthy, and a beautiful specimen of this favorite breed.

A Good Fertilizer.

The *Scientific American* says farmers have to pay a high price for an article, which, with a little skill, they could make themselves during the winter months or on rainy days, when they have little else to do, and gives a recipe for a cheap fertilizer successfully used by farmers in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The formula presented below is, however, wanting—except incidently, as recommended—in the ingredient which is most apt to give trouble and to cause injury in transportation and hauling—viz., oil of vitrol, or sulphuric acid—and is doubtless a good one, if the article is applied in sufficient quantities. The mixture is especially recommended for potatoes and wheat by a farmer who has tried it, and who says he has used it with success on corn and other products. It is as follows: Take 1,000 pounds of good mold, sieve and screen it to get the gravel out, and make it as fine as possible; then spread on a floor, add 100 pounds sulphate ammonia, 100 pounds common salt, and mix with a rake; when thoroughly mixed, add 25 pounds of pearl ash and 22 pounds sulphate of soda, mix well; then add 400 pounds ground bone, 25 pounds best Peruvian guano, and 150 pounds ground plaster. Mix the whole thoroughly, throw in a pile for forty-eight hours, and it is fit for use. If it is to be used for potatoes in districts where the potato bugs are numerous, five gallons sulphuric acid may be sprinkled over the mass. The caution is added that the acid must not be used in a confined place, as the fumes are injurious to health, and that if it is spilled on the floor, water must be thrown on it, as the mixture generates great heat.

Clover for Hogs.

A clover field is a most excellent thing for your young hogs. I set apart a field for that purpose, and have now from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty hogs upon it, and they have been doing well all summer with scarcely any corn. When the weather is very wet, the best plan is to move them off from it, to prevent them from rooting up the land. They will graze on green clover all the while, and it is an excellent food for them. The cheapest way to make meat in the up country is to have a good clover pasture for your hogs, and after you cut your small grain in the summer, turn them in for a time and pasture them there. Taking the two together, you need feed them very little corn until August or September. Then, as soon as your corn is in roasting ear, fence off a small piece at a time, turn them upon it, or cut it and throw it to them, stalk and all. They will eat the ear and chew up the cob, the stalk and fodder—and it is all nutritious. You will find it will start them off to thriving, growing and fattening as fast as dry corn; and they get a great deal more of the stalk, including the fodder, ear, etc., than they do out of a dry ear of corn. In this way they may be carried on until corn-gathering time, and then feed them for a short time upon dry corn and they are ready for the butcher.

Toads Eating Bees.

A Missouri correspondent writes the *Bee Keepers' Magazine* :—I have read that toads do little or no damage to the bee keepers, but I lately found several on the front board of my hives, and one I watched, and within fifteen minutes saw him eat four Italians and two flies; then I executed and dissected him, and found his stomach perfectly crammed with Italian workers. This was a very small toad, and I suppose could not have had less than twelve bees in his stomach. A toad twice as large would likely eat twenty-four bees, and three meals a day (I think I am right) makes seventy-two bees for one toad in a day, and a small family of four would make away with 288 bees a day. Pretty stiff. Perhaps my calculation may be too high about his three meals a day, but I am certain that when a toad finds how easy it is to get his meals at the entrance of a bee hive, he won't looks for bugs or worms. But the most serious thing they can do is to gobble up the young queens returning home from their bridal trip. Let those who have their hives near the ground look out for toads.

Honors of War.

Napoleon met one day an old soldier with one arm; he stopped, and said to him; "Where did you lose your arm?" "Sire, at Austerlitz," was the reply. 'And you were not decorated?" asked the Emperor. "No, Sire; I was forgotten." "Then," rejoined Napoleon, "here is my own cross for you; I make you Chevalier." "Ah, Sire," exclaimed the soldier, "your Majesty names me Chevalier because I have lost one of my arms; what would your Majesty have done if I had lost them both?" "I should have created you officer of the Legion," answered Napoleon. Thereupon the soldier instantly drew his sword and cut off his other arm!

Advice to fast hunting men—Never "run through" the paternal acres.

SUMMARY OF NEWS,

A fire in Galata, a large suburb of Constantinople, destroyed about a hundred houses, occupied mostly by poor Jews.....In Paris Count de Montebello has sent a challenge to Prince Metternich. The cause of the challenge was the refusal of Princess Metternich to return a salutation at a ball of Count de Montebello. Prince Metternich's seconds refuse to allow the duel to take place.....Capt. Josso Ludlam of Bridgehampton, L. I., while returning home from a neighbor's, and within a short distance of his residence, perceived a mad bull rushing down the road at a furious pace. It was impossible to avoid the creature, and before Mr. Ludlam could conceive a plan to escape, the bull was upon him. Mr. Ludlam was attacked by the bull, who first trampled upon him and then with a single thrust of its horns pierced him to the heart, causing instant death.....A fatal affray occurred at Cherry Creek, Pontotoc county, Miss. The parties engaged were W. Carner, Sim McCoy, Sam Reeder, W. McCoy, Sr., Lack Milam, and Geo. McCoy. Firearms were freely used, and W. Carner was shot dead. Lark Milam received three shots, but is not seriously injured; W. McCoy, Sr., had an arm broken, and Sim McCoy was slightly bruised. The men had all been friends before this terrible affair, and were, in fact, all related to each other. No cause is assigned for the deadly collision, other than that they were under the influence of liquor.....The captain of the ship Glencoroe, from Calcutta for London, foundered on the 19th of February. The captain and five of the crew of the Childswell Abbey were picked up by the ship Lady Lawrence. The Glencoroe encountered a heavy gale on the 22d of February in which two men were washed overboard, and washed upon the deck again by the next sea .....Additional information in regard to the loss of the steamship Mancha, while bound from Nagasaki for Shanghai, shows that on the 16th of March, the day after she sank the Japanese fishing boat, her coal bunkers gave way and her engine rooms were flooded, stopping the engines, and on the 17th the vessel had become waterlogged. Mr. Crocker and Mr. Jones succeeded in getting into a small boat, but afterwards leaped into the sea and were drowned, leaving only five survivors of the fifty persons on board the Mancha.

The Cambridge University Union, of England, have adopted a motion, by 101 votes to 42, in favor of introducing the system of cremation into England.....Europe produces annually $65,000,000 value of ribbons, fully one-half of which are made in France, Paris being the chief market and St. Etienne, Lyons, and the department of the Loire the great producing centers.....The President of Guatemala has forbidden the clergy in that republic to wear the clerical dress except when they are engaged in the performance of their ecclesiastical functions, and has closed all the convents but one, that of St. Catherine, the nuns of the abolished convents, 140 in number, having the option of either entering the convent of St. Catherine or returning to civil life.....Three American students at Lausanne were drowned in Lake Geneva.....The Azores newspapers deny the existence in those islands of a movement in favor of annexation to the United States.....The protracted "lock-out" of farm laborers in Lincolnshire, England, has been ended by a settlement, which will probably be adopted in the other agricultural districts of England.....Gen. A. B. Dyer, United States Army, died in Washington. Gen. Dyer graduated at the Military Academy in 1837, and was immediately appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery.....David French picked up what he supposed to be a stone in a street in Warrensburgh, N. Y., and threw it down again. It exploded injuring him fatally. It was a nitro-glycerine exploder.....The Canadian Pacific Railroad bill was read a third time and passed in the Dominion House of Commons. It evoked a long discussion, prominent members on both sides taking part in the debate.....The financial statement of the Centennial shows the total subscriptions to be $4,405,290; total expenses to May 1, including plans and work on the grounds, $144,712; and the estimate of the total cost of buildings according to the designs, $8,750,000.....W. W. Eaton, Democrat, was elected United States Senator by the Connecticut Legislature in joint session.....The case of Charles H. Phelps, for alleged frauds on the New York State Treasury, has been postponed until the third Monday in September.

Advices from Nassau report that the bark Sylvia W. Swasey from New York for Cardenas, struck on Long Bank Reef and was lost..... The schooner Phœnix capsized in a whirlwind off Ship Channel Keys. Out of seventeen passengers five women and one man were drowned .....The U. S. House Committee on Ways and Means authorized Mr. Foster to report a resolution censuring the Secretary of the Treasury, and Solicitor Banfield, for the lax and careless administration of the law in the Sanborn contract cases.....Henry Powers, acting captain of the steamer Clarksville, was arranged at Memphis for the lynching of a Hebrew named Samuel Buhrman for alleged larceny of jewelry. Some jewelry being missing, Buhrman was suspected, and was swung up three times with a rope to extort a confession. To save his life he said that he had stolen the articles and thrown them overboard. He was then put on the Mississippi shore, his hands tied behind him. Barhman, who is the son of an insurance agent in Louisville, declares that he made the pretended confession from fear, and was innocent. Powers was held for appearance in the criminal court, and has also been arrested in a civil suit in which $100,000 damages are claimed.....The forty-three temperance women who were arrested in Cincinnati were tried in the Police Court and discharged.....A three-story house in Cincinnati fell and seven persons were buried in the ruins.....The monument to be erected at Saratoga in commemoration of the surrender of Gen. John Burgoyne to Gen. Gates, Oct. 17, 1777, for which the State of New York has appropriated $50,000, will be of granite, and 230 feet high.....J. D. B. Hooper, the youth who shot T. H. Phillips, an old merchant in Opelika, Ala., a year ago, because of an alleged slanderous remark concerning him, has been acquitted of the charge of murder.

Condensed Statistics.

Fevers kill more children than adults. Of those who die of constitutional disease — consumption — the greater portion are between thirty and forty years of age. Diseases of the digestive organs kill very many children, and accidents cause the death of a great many more males than females. Smallpox takes off more children, and apoplexy and paralysis more old persons. More die of consumption at the age of thirty than at any other time of life. Fewer deaths occur in June than in any other month, and the most in April and August. More die of diseases of the respiratory organs in the winter. In the most illiterate portions of the country—among the negroes of the South—sixty per cent. of the inhabitants cannot read or write. Of the adult white male population in the most illiterate portions of the country, five per cent. cannot read or write. The best educated portions of New England are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and a narrow strip through Massachusetts and Connecticut. Two-thirds of the Irish population are in the Eastern States, but the reverse is true of the Germans. The Swedes and Norwegians nearly all go West. They are fine farmers. The Canadians in the United States are to a great degree found in the lumber, saw-mill, and carpenter business, though many are to be found in the shoe shops and factories of Massachusetts. The taxation *pro capita* is heaviest in the Eastern States, because more costly improvements are going on there, and in the most enterprising portions of the West, where the inhabitants are endeavoring by various improvements to make the country inviting to settlers. The South has of late made a great advance in commencing to raise corn, so that if her other crops fail she will not be left without resources. The other great corn-growing region not thoroughly known is a large tract in Texas.

One of the best preserved of the customs handed down to us by our ancestors, is burning straw bedding in the back yard. A few fresh bones in the heap imparts an aroma that no one can describe, although many of the neighbors will try to.

The latest car coupling in Indiana has been a marriage on a railway train.

A MARYLAND FISHERY.

Shad and Whisky—The Common Level.

A writer in the Baltimore *American* describing the "Old Bay Shore" shad fisheries in Maryland, says the rations for the fishermen are dealt out to the employes as in the army—each man hands in his tin plate to the cook, and gets his share of such things as have been prepared. Bean soup, bacon, and corn bread are the "standards," but the bill of fare is varied occasionally, to please the dainty fellows who want such delicacies as bread, potatoes, and molasses. The "boarding" is by no means luxurious, but the men appear to be always ready for their meals. Four or five hours' rowing each day is well calculated to promote digestion.

The whisky ration, commonly called a "jigger," forms a very important element in the subsistence department. When the men are working on full time they are allowed eight "jiggers," a day. The whisky is dealt out in a small tin dipper that holds half a gill, so that eight "jiggers" a day amounts to a pint for each man. It is supposed by some persons that the whisky ration is necessary to fortify the fishermen against the diseases that might result from the exposure incident to the work in which they are engaged. They spend many hours wading knee-deep in the water, and their clothes are scarcely ever dry. Mr. Brown assures me that the three or four total abstinence men in his force are the most healthy, and by far the most reliable. They apparently suffer less from the cold than the men who take their eight "jiggers" regularly, scarcely ever complain of feeling unwell, and are always ready for duty.

All of the officers connected with the "Old Bay Shore" are of the opinion that the whisky ration does no good, but a great deal of harm, and that there is no reason why it should be furnished, except that it has been the immemorial custom for seine haulers to take a "jigger" before they go into the water and after they come out. Whisky would be banished from all the fishing shores were it not that it is an *inducement* to a certain class of men to engage in seine hauling. The labor is hard, and the pay not large ($1 per day), and the proprietors fear that if the whisky ration was stopped they would have difficulty in getting a sufficient number of hands. Mr. Brown tries to promote temperance by paying the teetotallers $5 extra at the close of the season.

A most singular community of unique characters is to be found on this fishing shore. In Capt. Todd's force there are two or three physicians, a couple of ex-justices of the peace, a very learned German professor, who speaks seven of the modern languages, and two school teachers of lesser note and more limited attainments. These men, although trained to professional pursuits, perform their work with much cheerfulness and reasonable industry. There are not many places in this world, except on a fishing shore, where a great linguist and a distinguished physician can be seen standing in a dripping trough treading off the scales from herring with their feet. It need not be said that they take their eight "jiggers" a day with a relish that has come of long practice upon more aristocratic beverages.

It seems to me that the colored fishermen enjoy their work rather better than their white brethren. They are fine oarsmen and are not afraid of getting wet. When they are off duty they lie down on the shore with an *abandon* that expresses the very spirit of rest. When hauling the seine they sing camp-meeting hymns, and keep time with their bodies, as they tug at the ropes.

An English Tragedy.

The *Journal of Commerce* notes the frequent reference to another tragedy similar to the one at Mill River, and gives some particulars of the dreadful massacre which took place in the valley of the Loxley river, England, on the night of March 11, 1864.

The Bradfield reservoir was built to supply water to Sheffield, eight miles below. The plan was to dam up the Loxley and other little streams between two hills, and this was done by making a single embankment on the Sheffield side. The embankment was made of earth, 1,200 feet long, 500 feet wide at base, 100 feet high, and 12 feet across on top, and had an inner puddle wall. The engineer and others thought it was large and strong enough to hold the contents of the reservoir (691,000,000 gallons) securely. The real reliance in the Bradfield reservoir was on the hugmound of earth. The inner puddle wall was a mere crust, which at best could only check the tendency of the water to mine its way through the vast sandy pile.

The day before the destruction of the reservoir had been stormy, and the water nearly reached the top of the embankment. A little crack on the outside was the first warning of trouble, and the contractor ordered the valves of the surplus pipe to be opened to relieve the pressure. For several hours the crack did not increase, and the workmen believed the danger past. Still, as a measure of precaution, a mounted messenger was sent down the valley to warn people to take to the high ground, and by this forethought hundreds were saved who would otherwise have perished. About midnight the embankment opened 30 feet, and down came the imprisoned waters in a resistless flood. A second rush of water widened the gap to 110 yards, and to a depth of 70 feet. This released the whole contents of the reservoir in the short space of 47 minutes, and it poured down the valley at a speed of 18 miles an hour. The Bradfield inundation was most destructive because it took place in the dead middle of the night, when whole families who had not heard the warning were asleep, and persons could not save themselves or their dear ones in the darkness. The lost numbered 250, and the value of all the property destroyed was not less than £2,000,000.

Sam Slick on Lawyers.

Few things resemble each other in nature more than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his thread in a corner with no light to show the thread of his net, but in a shade like; there he waits in his dark office to receive a visitor. A buzzin', buzzin', tho'tless fly, thinking o' nothin' but his beautiful wings, and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumbling head over heels into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly, "I really didn't see this net-work of yours—the weather is so foggy and the streets are so confounded dark; I'm afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," said the spider, bowin'. "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but stay—don't move, or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you." And then he ties up one leg, and has him as fast as a Gibraltar.

"Now," says the spider, "my good friend (a phrase a feller uses when he's agoin' to be tricky), I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum. I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly. "Excuse me, I am much obliged to you, but I don't require it."

"O, yes you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation.

"If you dare do that," says the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I am a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," says the spider, laughing; "you must pay the damage." And he bleeds him till he gasps for breath and feels faintin' comin' on.

"Let me go, good fellow," says the poor fly, "and I'll pay you liberally."

"Pay?" says the spider, "you miserable wretch; you have nothing to pay with—take that;" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

A Maine clergyman says that if the bones of all the victims of intemperance could be gathered together and made into a pyramid, no plain could be found large enough for its base to rest upon, and the planets would have to be swept aside to make room for its apex.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

How It Affects the Colored People.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—The Civil Rights bill, as it passed the United States Senate, reads as follows:

That all citizens and other persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres and other places of public amusement, and also of common schools and public institutions of learning, or benevolence, supported in whole or in part by general taxation, and of cemeteries so supported, and also the institutions known as agricultural colleges, endowed by the United States, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to citizens of every race and color regardless of any previous condition of servitude.

SEC. 2. That any person who shall violate the foregoing section by denying to any person entitled to its benefits, except for reasons by law applicable to citizens of every race and color, and regardless of any previous condition of servitude, the full enjoyment of any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, or privileges in said section enumerated, or inciting such denial, shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of $500 to the person aggrieved thereby, to be recovered in an action on the case, with full costs, and shall also, for every such offense, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be find not more than $1,000, or shall be imprisoned not more than one year.

Provided that the party aggrieved shall not recover more than one penalty, and, when the offense is a refusal of burial, the penalty may be recovered by the heirs at law of the person whose body has been refused burial. And provided further that all persons may elect to sue for the penalty aforesaid, or to proceed under their rights at common law and State statutes, and having so elected to proceed in the one mode or the other, their right to proceed in the other jurisdiction shall be barred. But this proviso shall not apply to criminal proceedings either under this act or the criminal law of any State.

SEC. 3. That the District and Circuit Courts of the United States shall have, exclusively of the courts of the several States, cognizance of the crimes and offenses against and violations of the provisions of this act, and actions for the penalty given by the preceding section may be prosecuted in the Territorial, District or Circuit Courts of the United States wherever the defendant may be found, without regard to the other party, and the District Attorneys, Marshals, and Deputy Marshals of the United States and Commissioners appointed by the Circuit and Territorial Courts of the United States with powers of arresting and imprisoning and bailing offenders against the laws of the United States are hereby specially authorized and required to institute proceedings against every person who shall violate the provisions of this act, and cause him to be arrested and imprisoned, or bailed, as the case may be, for trial before such court of the United States or Territorial court, as by law has cognizance of the offense, except in respect of the right of action accruing to the person aggrieved, and such District Attorneys shall cause such proceedings to be prosecuted to their termination as in other cases, provided that nothing contained in this section shall be construed to deny or defeat any right of civil action accruing to any person, whether by reason of this act or otherwise.

SEC. 4. That no citizen possessing all other qualifications which are, or may be, prescribed by law, shall be disqualified for service as grand or petit juror in any court of the United States, or of any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; and any officer, or other person, charged with any duty in the selection or summoning of jurors who shall exclude or fail to summon any citizen for the cause aforesaid, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be fined not more than $1,000.

SEC. 5. That all cases arising under the provisions of this act, in the courts of the United States, shall be reviewable by the Supreme Court of the United States, without regard to the sum in controversy, under the same provisions and regulations as are now provided by law for the review of other causes in said court.

"COAL OIL TOMMY."

The Oleaginous Youth in the Hands of the Philistines.

The talk among the fraternity of sporting men in Troy just now, says the *Times*, is concerning the failure of an up-town faro bank, which has been run by a dashing young fellow known as "Coal Oil Tommy," but not the original of that name.

It appears that the Troy "Coal Oil Tommy" was a resident of New York, and was at one time employed in the Mercantile Library of that city. Some time ago his father died, leaving to Tommy an estate valued at above $30,000. Immediately afterwards Tommy, who had been a "fast" boy, forsook his humble position and took up the dishonorable calling of assistant in a New York gambling den. He quickly made up his mind to avail himself of the first eligible opportunity to start a faro bank himself. Some of the sharp ones, hearing of his determination, induced him to come up to Troy, and allured him by specious stories of the fine field this city would afford to a gambler of his abilities. "Coal Oil Tommy" forthwith came hither, a faro game was opened, and Tommy was the "backer" of the game.

The gamblers then began to fleece the misguided youth, and after living on his money two or three months, determined to make a grand raid on him. Accordingly, during his temporary absence, the game was opened in the morning—a very unusual proceeding, as faro banks in Troy are never open except at night. A stranger with fabulous wealth began to play, and speedily won about $1,000, and the "bank" was compelled to suspend. This was the condition of affairs when Tommy returned. He was, of course, amazed, but his associates explained it all to him, and said it was only necessary to secure more funds in order to "clean out" the lucky gambler who had "fought the tiger" so successfully. "Coal Oil Tommy" immediately offered his $900 horse for sale at half price, and, failing to sell it, he dispatched an agent to New York to procure more money from his estate. When "Coal Oil Tommy" finds all his money gone—and his friends far away—won't he open his eyes, though!

The Story of Cinderella.

About the year 1730, an actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time he returned to his house, but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he re-appeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly, nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain, however, was somewhat appeased by the *avatar* of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl of the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were leveled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

Starving sheep in California are eating the wool off the backs of their dead mates; mules also eat it.

XLIIId UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE.

ADJOURNMENT.

The resolution of the House providing for an adjournment of this session of Congress on the 22d of June was received, and on motion of Mr. Edmunds was agreed to.

BILLS INTRODUCED.

Mr. West, of La., from the Committee on Transportation, reported the two Senate bills for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi with a written report. Placed on the calendar.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS' SALARIES.

Mr. Fenton, of N. Y., introduced a bill to establish the compensation of certain customs officers, to regulate the service in the collection of customs at the various ports in the United States, and the disposition of fines, penalties, and forfeitures incurred under the laws relating to customs, which was referred to the Finance Committee. The bill provides that instead of the salaries, moieties, and perquisites of whatever description now received by customs officers, there shall be paid to them specified annual salaries, which the bill proceeds to prescribe in detail.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Mr. Morrill, of Me., from the Committee on Appropriations, reported back the House bill requesting the President to extend, in the name of the United States, respectful and cordial invitation to the Governments of other nations to be represented and take part in the International Exposition to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, with the proviso "That the any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, or privileges in said section enumerated, or inciting such denial, shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of $500 to the person aggrieved thereby, to be recovered in an action on the case, with full costs, and shall also, for every such offense, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be find not more than $1,000, or shall be imprisoned not more than one year.

Provided that the party aggrieved shall not recover more than one penalty, and, when the offense is a refusal of burial, the penalty may be recovered by the heirs at law of the person whose body has been refused burial. And provided further that all persons may elect to sue for the penalty aforesaid, or to proceed under their rights at common law and State statutes, and having so elected to proceed in the one mode or the other, their right to proceed in the other jurisdiction shall be barred. But this proviso shall not apply to criminal proceedings either under this act or the criminal law of any State.

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All Swept Away.

Skinnerville, one of the villages destroyed by the Mill River disaster, so a correspondent says, was named after William Skinner. He has a brother, George Skinner, in Yonkers. The silk works of Skinnerville are owned by William Skinner. The big brick factory, worth $125,000, and where were employed 125 men, was destroyed in three minutes. Not a brick is left. Not a shaft. The boiler was carried away.

"How was it done?" I asked Mr. Skinner.

"I don't know, sir. I was just sitting down to breakfast. I heard the factory bell tap once. I thought of fire. I jumped up to look out and saw the bank of water coming. I dodged back, handed the baby to Nell and told her to fly to the hill. I went behind to hurry her up. I looked back and the factory was gone. It went like lightning—bricks, irons—everything."

"It was a sea of foam and houses. I've been on the Atlantic in a storm. That was it, a big wave dashing over the deck, but on the top of that wave, yesterday, were houses, trees and lumber."

"But I don't see a single brick left," I said, pointing to where the factory used to stand. "Where are the bricks?"

"Gone, sir! floated down the stream. Why, my big safe—my big Marvin's safe—has floated off too, and we've been looking for it all day. I wouldn't be surprised if we should find it floating around on the Connecticut river or maybe out on the Sound," and Mr. S., though he had just lost $150,000, actually laughed at the idea.

"Where did these bricks all go to?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's a mystery to me how my brick and iron shop has entirely floated away," replied Mr. Skinner. "But you see they're gone."

A moment afterwards and Mr. George Skinner arrived from Yonkers. As he saw his brother he smiled and remarked—

"Now, Bill, you won't have any of these bonds troubling you any more. No more Saratoga—no——"

"No, George, it's all gone," interrupted the stricken brother—the work of a lifetime—$150,000 yesterday, and to-day not a cent."

"But you have your wife and children, Bill—you're all right. As the brother said this four eyes moistened, two brothers grasped hands and mingled their tears together. Their twinkling eyes were moistened in tears, and their laughing faces became long with sympathetic sorrow.

The flood went down so quick that Mr. Skinner's residence was left with four feet of water in it. This broke through the floor, and all the furniture, pianos, and pictures poured down into the cellar. Potatoes and pianos, pictures and pork, books and bacon became terribly mixed.

KILLING INDIANS.—Mr. Sargent said in the United States Senate the policy of the Government now was to take these Indians and put them on four reservations in Arizona and New Mexico. The Government must either feed them or fight them, and it was much cheaper to feed them. Some years ago there was war with the Sioux Indians, when forty-five Indians were killed at an expense of $45,000,000.

The New Panacea.

Modern science having demonstrated that alcohol is "neither food nor physic," but, on the contrary, a species of poison, the introduction of a potent tonic which is entirely free from it is certainly a subject for congratulation. DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS is a medicine which may be fairly characterized as an unobjectionable specific for many dangerous and distressing diseases. Temperance organizations, heretofore in favor of permitting the sale of alcohol for medical purposes, are of opinion that VINEGAR BITTERS possesses all the efficacy as an invigorant that has ever been even *claimed* for spirituous stimulants, and on this account, as well as because of the singular success which has attended its use in dyspepsia, liver complaint, disorders of the bowels, nervous diseases, general debility, and all maladies growing out of intemperance, they warmly recommend it as a restorative and alternative of surpassing excellence.—*Com.*

Liver and Blood Diseases.

BY R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate the vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood, and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day from one to two pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor in addition to their natural functions, and cannot long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood, which passes to it from the heart and it fails to perform its office healthfully. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The blood itself being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that it produces disagreeable eruptions, such as blotches, pimples, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels and other organs cannot escape becoming affected, sooner or later, and we have as the result, dyspepsia, colic, pleurisy, hepatic affections. Other symptoms are common, as bitter or bad taste in mouth, internal heat, palpitation, teasing cough, unsteady appetite, choking sensation in throat, bloating of stomach, pain in sides or about shoulders or back, coldness of extremities, etc., etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The liver being the great depurating or blood cleansing organ of the system—set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and the foul corruptions, which genders in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my Golden Medical Discovery with very small doses daily of my Pleasant Purgative Pellets are unsurpassed eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most shattered constitutions may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents. —[Com.

It is as difficult to tell this season, says an exchange, considering the character of the weather, where a winter overcoat leaves off and a linen duster begins, as it is to describe when a pig ceases to be a pig and becomes a hog. Yesterday a linen duster was in order; to-day it is more overcoatish than otherwise.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—*Com.*

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will give more relief in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, no matter how severe, than any other article known to medical men. Used internally and externally.—*Com.*

It is often remarked by strangers visiting our State that we show a larger proportion of good horses than any other State in the Union. This, we tell them, is owing to two principal reasons: in the first place, we breed from the very best stock; and in the second place, we use *Merriam's Curative Compound Powders*, which in our judgment are of incalculable advantage.—*Com.*

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY! Wishart's Pine-Tree Tar Cordial for coughs, colds and bronchial affections stands first in public confidence and favor. This result has been acquired after a test of many years.—*Com.*

The Atlantic cable is a national benefit, so are SILVER TIPPED Shoes for children. Never wear through at the toe. Try them. For sale by all dealers.—*Com.*

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP IS THE PRESCRIPTION OF one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK

from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS will destroy worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York.

Sold by Druggists and Chemists and dealers in Medicine of TWENTY-FIVE CENT